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SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL.

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MEMOIR ON SLAVERY—CONCLUDED FROM NO. IV.

I have hitherto, as I proposed, considered it as a naked, abstract question of the comparative good and evil of the institution of slavery. Very far different indeed is the practical question presented to us, when it is proposed to get rid of an institution which has interwoven itself with every fibre of the body politic; which has formed the habits of our society, and is consecrated by the usage of generations. If this be not a vicious prescription, which the laws of God forbid to ripen into right, it has a just claim to be respected by all tribunals of man. If the negroes were now free and it were proposed to enslave them, then it would be incumbent on those who proposed the measure, to show clearly that their liberty was incompatible with the public security. When it is proposed to innovate on the established state of things, the burden is on those who propose the innovation, to show that advantage will be gained from it. There is no reform, however necessary, wholesome or moderate, which will not be accompanied with some degree of inconvenience, risque or suffering. Those who acquiesce in the state of things which they found existing, can hardly be thought criminal. But most deeply criminal are they, who give rise to the enormous evil with which great revolutions in society are always attended, without the fullest assurance of the greater good to be ultimately obtained. But if it can be made to appear, even probably, that no good will be obtained, but that the results will be evil and calamitous as the process, what can justify such innovations? No human being can be so mischievous—if acting consciously, none can be so wicked, as those who finding evil in existing institutions, rush blindly upon change, unforeseeing and reckless of consequences, and leaving it to chance or fate to determine whether the end shall be improvement, or greater and more intolerable evil. Certainly the instincts of nature prompt us to resist intolerable oppression. For this resistance no rule can be prescribed, but it must be left to the instincts of nature. To justify it however, the insurrectionists should at least have a reasonable probability of success, and be assured that their condition will be improved by success. But most extraordinary is it, when those who complain and clamor, are not those who are supposed to feel the oppression, but persons at a distance from them, and who can hardly at all appreciate the good or evil of their situation. It is the unalterable condition of humanity, that men must achieve civil liberty for themselves. The assistance

of allies has sometimes enabled nations to repel the attacks of foreign power; never to conquer liberty as against their own internal government.

In one thing I concur with the abolitionists; that if emancipation is to be brought about, it is better that it should be immediate and total. But let us suppose it to be brought about in any manner, and then enquire what would be the effects.

The first and most obvious effect, would be to put an end to the cultivation of our great southern staples. And this would be equally the result, if we suppose the emancipated negroes to be in no way distinguished from the free laborers of other countries, and that their labour would be equally effective. In that case, they would soon cease to be laborers for hire, but would scatter themselves over our unbounded territory, to become independent land owners themselves. The cultivation of the soil on an extensive scale, can only be carried on where there are slaves, or in countries superabounding with free labour. No such operations are carried on in any portions of our own country where there are not slaves. Such are carried on in England, where there is an overflowing population and intense competition for employment. And our institutions seem suited to the exigences of our respective situations. There, a much greater number of labourers is required at one season of the year than at another, and the Farmer may enlarge or diminish the quantity of labour he employs, as circumstances may require. Here, about the same quantity of labour is required at every season, and the planter suffers no inconvenience from retaining his labourers throughout the year. Imagine an extensive rice or cotton plantation cultivated by free laborers, who might perhaps *strike* for an increase of wages, at a season when the neglect of a few days would insure the destruction of the whole crop. Even if it were possible to procure laborers at all, what planter would venture to carry on his operations under such circumstances? I need hardly say that these staples cannot be produced to any extent, where the proprietor of the soil cultivates it with his own hands. He can do little more than produce the necessary food for himself and his family.

And what would be the effect of putting an end to the cultivation of these staples, and thus annihilating at a blow, two thirds or three fourths of our foreign commerce? Can any sane mind contemplate such a result without terror? I speak not of the utter poverty and misery to which we ourselves would be reduced, and the desolation which would overspread our own portion of the country. Our slavery has not only given existence to millions of slaves within our own territories; it has given the means of subsistence and therefore existence to millions of freemen in our confederate States, enabling them to send forth their swarms, to overspread the plains and forests of the West, and appear as the harbingers of civilization. The products of the industry of those States are, in general, similar to those of the civilized world, and are little demanded in their markets. By exchanging them for ours, which are every where sought for, the peo-

ple of these States are enabled to acquire all the products of art and industry, all that contributes to convenience or luxury, or gratifies the taste or the intellect, which the rest of the world can supply. Not only on our own continent, but on the other, it has given existence to hundreds of thousands, and the means of comfortable subsistence to millions. A distinguished citizen of our own state, than whom none can be better qualified to form an opinion, has lately stated that our great staple, cotton, has contributed more than any thing else of later times to the progress of civilization. By enabling the poor to obtain cheap and becoming clothing, it has inspired a taste for comfort, the first stimulus to civilization. Does not *self defence* then demand of us, steadily to resist the abrogation of that which is productive of so much good? It is more than self defence. It is to defend millions of human beings, who are far removed from us, from the intensest suffering, if not from being struck out of existence. It is the defence of human civilization.

But this is but a small part of the evil which would be occasioned. After President Dew, it is unnecessary to say a single word on the practicability of colonizing our slaves. The two races, so widely separated from each other by the impress of nature, must remain together in the same country. Whether it be accounted the result of prejudice or reason, it is certain that the two races will not be blended together, so as to form a homogenous population. To one who knows any thing of the nature of man and human society, it would be unnecessary to argue that this state of things cannot continue; but that one race must be driven out by the other, or exterminated, or again enslaved. I have argued on the supposition that the emancipated negroes would be as efficient as other free laborers. But whatever theorists, who know nothing of the matter, may think proper to assume, we well know that this would not be so. We know that nothing but the coercion of slavery can overcome their propensity to indolence, and that not one in ten would be an efficient laborer. Even if this disposition were not grounded in their nature, it would be a result of their position. I have somewhere seen it observed, that to be degraded by opinion, is a thousand fold worse, so far as the feelings of the individual are concerned, than to be degraded by the laws. *They* would be thus degraded, and this feeling is incompatible with habits of order and industry. Half our population would at once be paupers. Let an inhabitant of New York or Philadelphia conceive of the situation of their respective States, if one half of their population consisted of free negroes. The tie which now connects them being broken, the different races would be estranged from each other, and hostility would grow up between them. Having the command of their own time and actions, they could more effectually combine insurrection, and provide the means of rendering it formidable. Released from the vigilant superintendence which now restrains them, they would infallibly be led from petty to greater crimes, until all life and property would be rendered insecure. Aggression would beget retaliation, until open war—and that a war of extermination—were es-

tablished. From the still remaining superiority of the white race, it is probable that they would be the victors, and if they did not exterminate, they must again reduce the others to slavery—when they could be no longer fit to be either slaves or freemen. It is not only in self defence, in defence of our country and of all that is dear to us, but in defence of the slaves themselves, that we refuse to emancipate them.

If we suppose them to have political privileges, and to be admitted to the elective franchise, still worse results may be expected. It is hardly necessary to add any thing to what has been said by Mr. Paulding on this subject, who has treated it fully. It is already known, that if there be a class unfavorably distinguished by any peculiarity from the rest of society, this distinction forms a tie which binds them to act in concert, and they exercise more than their due share of political power and influence—and still more, as they are of inferior character and looser moral principle. Such a class form the very material for demagogues to work with. Other parties court them and concede to them. So it would be with the free blacks in the case supposed. They would be used by unprincipled politicians of irregular ambition, for the advancement of their schemes, until they should give them political power and importance beyond even their own intentions. They would be courted by excited parties in their contests with each other. At some time, they may perhaps attain political ascendancy, and this is more probable, as we may suppose that there will have been a great emigration of whites from the country. Imagine the government of such legislators. Imagine then the sort of laws that will be passed, to confound the invidious distinction which has been so long assumed over them, and if possible to obliterate the every memory of it. These will be resisted. The blacks will be tempted to avenge themselves by oppression and proscription of the white race, for their long superiority. Thus matters will go on, until universal anarchy, or kakistocracy, the government of the worst, is fully established. I am persuaded that if the spirit of evil should devise to send abroad upon the earth all possible misery, discord, horror and atrocity, he could contrive no scheme so effectual as the emancipation of negro slaves within our country.

The most feasible scheme of emancipation, and that which I verily believe would involve the least danger and sacrifice, would be that the *entire* white population should emigrate, and abandon the country to their slaves. Here would be triumph to philanthropy. This wide and fertile region would be again restored to ancient barbarism—to the worst of all barbarism—barbarism corrupted and depraved by intercourse with civilization. And this is the consummation to be wished, upon a *speculation*, that in some distant future age, they may become so enlightened and improved, as to be capable of sustaining a position among the civilized races of the earth. But I believe moralists allow men to defend their homes and their country, even at the expense of the lives and liberties of others.

Will any philanthropist say that the evils, of which I have spoken, would be brought about only by the obduracy, prejudices and over-

weaning self estimation of the whites in refusing to blend the races by marriage, and so create an homogenous population. But what if it be not prejudice, but truth, and nature, and right reason, and just moral feeling? As I have before said, throughout the whole of nature, like attracts like, and that which is unlike repels. What is it that makes so unspeakably loathsome, crimes not to be named, and hardly alluded to? Even among the nations of Europe, so nearly homogenous, there are some peculiarities of form and feature, mind and character, which may be generally distinguished by those accustomed to observe them. Though the exceptions are numerous, I will venture to say that not in one instance in a hundred, is the man of sound and unsophisticated tastes and propensities so likely to be attracted by the female of a foreign stock, as by one of his own, who is more nearly conformed to himself. Shakspeare spoke the language of nature, when he made the senate and people of Venice attribute to the effect of witchcraft, Desdemona's passion for Othello—though, as Coleridge has said, we are to conceive of him not as a negro, but as a high bred, Moorish Chief.

If the negro race, as I have contended, be inferior to our own in mind and character, marked by inferiority of form and features, then ours would suffer deterioration from such intermixture. What would be thought of the moral conduct of the parent who should voluntarily transmit disease, or fatuity, or deformity to his offspring? If man be the most perfect work of the creator, and the civilized European man the most perfect variety of the human race, is he not criminal who would desecrate and deface God's fairest work; estranging it further from the image of himself, and conforming it more nearly to that of the brute. I have heard it said, as if it afforded an argument, that the African is as well satisfied of the superiority of his own complexion, form and features, as we can be of ours. If this were true, as it is not, would any one be so recreant to his own civilization, as to say that his opinion ought to weigh against ours—that there is no universal standard of truth and grace and beauty—that the Hottentot Venus may perchance possess as great perfection of form as the Medicean? It is true, the licentious passions of men overcome the natural repugnance, and find transient gratification in intercourse with females of the other race. But this is a very different thing from making her the associate of life, the companion of the bosom and the hearth. Him who would contemplate such an alliance for himself, or regard it with patience, when proposed for a son or daughter or sister, we should esteem a degraded wretch—with justice, certainly, if he were found among ourselves—and the estimate would not be very different if he were found in Europe. It is not only in defence of ourselves, of our country and of our own generation, that we refuse to emancipate our slaves, but to defend our posterity and race from degeneracy and degradation.

Are we not justified then in regarding as criminals, the fanatical agitators whose efforts are intended to bring about the evils I have described. It is sometimes said that their zeal is generous and disin-

terested, and that their motives may be praised, though their conduct be condemned. But I have little faith in the good motives of those who pursue bad ends. It is not for us to scrutinize the hearts of men, and we can only judge of them by the tendency of their actions. There is much truth in what was said by Coleridge. "I have never known a trader in philanthropy who was not wrong in heart somehow or other. Individuals so distinguished, are usually unhappy in their family relations—men not benevolent or beneficent to individuals, but almost hostile to them, yet lavishing money and labor and time on the race—the abstract notion." The prevalent love of notoriety actuates some. There is much luxury in sentiment, especially if it can be indu'ged at the expense of others, and if there be added some share of envy or malignity, the temptation to indulgence is almost irresistible. But certainly they may be justly regarded as criminal, who obstinately shut their eyes and close their ears to all instruction with respect to the true nature of their actions.

It must be manifest to every man of sane mind that it is impossible for them to achieve ultimate success; even if every individual in our country, out of the limits of the slave holding states, were united in their purposes. They cannot have even the miserable triumph of St. Domingo—of advancing through scenes of atrocity, blood and massacre, to the restoration of barbarism. They may agitate and perplex the world for a time. They may excite to desperate attempts and particular acts of cruelty and horror, but these will always be suppressed or avenged at the expense of the objects of their truculent philanthropy. But short of this, they can hardly be aware of the extent of the mischief they perpetrate. As I have said, their opinions, by means to us inscrutable, do very generally reach our slave population. What human being, if unfavorably distinguished by outward circumstances, is not ready to believe when he is told that he is the victim of injustice? Is it not cruelty to make men restless and dissatisfied in their condition, when no effort of theirs can alter it? The greatest injury is done to their characters, as well as to their happiness. Even if no such feelings or designs should be entertained or conceived by the slave, they will be attributed to him by the master, and all his conduct scanned with a severe and jealous scrutiny. Thus distrust and aversion are established, where, but for mischievous interference, there would be confidence and good will, and a sterner control is exercised over the slave who thus becomes the victim of his cruel advocates.

An effect is sometimes produced on the minds of slave holders, by the publications of the self styled philanthropists, and their judgments staggered and consciences alarmed. It is natural that the oppressed should hate the oppressor. It is still more natural that the oppressor should hate his victim. Convince the master that he is doing injustice to his slave, and he at once begins to regard him with distrust and malignity. It is a part of the constitution of the human mind, that when circumstances of necessity or temptation induce men to continue in the practice of what they believe to be wrong, they be-

come desperate and reckless of the degree of wrong. I have formerly heard of a master who accounted for his practising much severity upon his slaves, and exacting from them an unusual degree of labor, by saying that the thing (slavery) was altogether wrong, and therefore it was well to make the greatest possible advantage out of it. This agitation occasions some slave holders to hang more loosely on their country. Regarding the institution as of questionable character, condemned by the general opinion of the world, and one which must shortly come to an end, they hold themselves in readiness to make their escape from the evil which they anticipate. Some sell their slaves to new masters (always a misfortune to the slave) and remove themselves to other societies, of manners and habits uncongenial to their own. And though we may suppose that it is only the weak and the timid who are liable to be thus affected, still it is no less an injury and public misfortune. Society is kept in an unquiet and restless state, and every sort of improvement is retarded.

Some projectors suggest the education of slaves, with a view to prepare them for freedom—as if there were any method of a man's being educated to freedom, but by himself. The truth is however, that supposing that they are shortly to be emancipated, and that they have the capacities of any other race, they are undoing the very best education which it possible to give. They are in the course of being taught habits of regular and patient industry, and this is the first lesson which is required. I suppose, that their most zealous advocates would not desire that they should be placed in the high places of society immediately upon their emancipation, but that they should begin their course of freedom as laborers, and raise themselves afterwards as their capacities and characters might enable them. But how little would what are commonly called the rudiments of education, add to their qualifications as laborers? But for the agitation which exists however, their education would be carried further than this. There is a constant tendency in our society to extend the sphere of their employments, and consequently to give them the information which is necessary to the discharge of those employments. And this for the most obvious reason, it promotes the master's interest. How much would it add to the value of a slave, that he should be capable of being employed as a clerk, or be able to make calculations as a mechanic? In consequence, however, of the fanatical spirit which has been excited, it has been thought necessary to repress this tendency by legislation, and to prevent their acquiring the knowledge of which they might make a dangerous use. If this spirit were put down, and we restored to the consciousness of security, this would be no longer necessary, and the process of which I have spoken would be accelerated. Whenever indications of superior capacity appeared in a slave, it would be cultivated; gradual improvement would take place, until they might be engaged in as various employments as they were among the ancients—perhaps even liberal ones. Thus, if in the adorable providence of God, at a time and in a manner which we can neither foresee nor conjecture, they are to be rendered capable of

freedom and to enjoy it, they would be prepared for it in the best and most effectual, because in the most natural and gradual manner. But fanaticism hurries to its effect at once. I have heard it said, God does good, but it is by imperceptible degrees; the Devil is permitted to do evil, and he does it in a hurry. The beneficent processes of nature are not apparent to the senses. You cannot see the plant grow or the flower expand. The volcano, the earthquake and the hurricane do their work of desolation in a moment. Such would be the desolation, if the schemes of fanatics were permitted to have effect. They do all that in them lies to thwart the benificent purposes of providence. The whole tendency of their efforts is to aggravate present suffering and to cut off the chance of future improvement, and in all their bearings and results, have produced, and are likely to produce, nothing but "fierce, unmixed, dephlegmated, defeated evil."

If Wilberforce or Clarkson were living, and it were enquired of them "can you be sure that you have promoted the happiness of a single human being?" I imagine that, if they considered conscientiously, they would find it difficult to answer in the affirmative. If it were asked "can you be sure that you have not been the cause of suffering, misery and death to thousands,"—when we recollect that they probably stimulated the exertions of the *amis des noirs* in France and that through the efforts of these, the horrors of St. Domingo were perpetrated. I think they must hesitate long to return a decided negative. It might seem cruel, if we could, to convince a man who has devoted his life to what he esteemed a good and generous purpose, that he has been doing only evil—that he has been worshipping a horrid fiend, in the place of the true God. But fanaticism is in no danger of being convinced. It is one of the mysteries of our nature, and of the divine government, how utterly disproportioned to each other, are the powers of doing evil and of doing good. The poorest and most abject instrument, that is utterly imbecile for any purpose of good, seems sometimes endowed with almost the powers of omnipotence for mischief. A mole may inundate a province—a spark from a forge may conflagrate a city—a whisper may separate friends, a rumor may convulse an empire—but when we would do benefit to our race or country, the purest and most chastened motives, the most patient thought and labor, with the humblest self distrust, are hardly sufficient to assure us that the results may not disappoint our expectations, and that we may not do evil instead of good. But are we therefore to refrain from efforts to benefit our race and country? By no means: but these motives, this labour and self distrust are the only conditions upon which we are permitted to hope for success. Very different indeed is the course of those, whose precipitate and ignorant zeal would overturn the fundamental institutions of society, uproot its peace and endanger its security, in pursuit of a distant and shadowy good, of which they themselves have formed no definite conception—whose atrocious philosophy would sacrifice a generation—and more than one generation—for any hypothesis.

BALLAD—STANZAS.

I.

I loved an eye, a gentle eye,
I've loved it long, and love it now;
And still it looks upon my brow,
Unchangeable, unchangingly.

II.

It could not change though it is gone—
For 'twas a thing all life, and so,
It could not with the body go
To that dark chamber, cold and lone.

III.

It had a touch, a winning touch,
Of twilight sadness in its glance,
And oft it wore a dewy trance
That made me sad I loved so much.

IV.

For life is selfish, and the tear,
Is seldom sought and cherished late;
And I deplored the heavy fate,
That made a thing of grief so dear.

V.

Through sunny hours, and cloudy hours,
And hours that had nor sun nor cloud—
That eye was rapt, as in a shroud,
Such shroud as winter flings o'er flow'rs.

VI.

It had a language known to me,
Though hidden from the world beside;
And many a grief it strove to hide,
Came out at last, and I *would* see!

VII.

I could not stay the grief, nor chase
The moisture from the drooping eye;
I gave—'twas all—my sympathy,
And Sorrow's hand was on my face.

VIII.

'Twas on my face—'twas in my heart,—
And when, at length, the maiden died,
Whom so I lov'd, I never sigh'd,
And tearless, saw her spirit part.

IX.

They laid her coldly on the bier,
 And took me to my home away;
 Nor knew, that from that fatal day,
 I had no home, but with her—there.

X.

They watch'd my steps and scann'd my face,
 And when they watch'd me I grew stern,—
 For curious eyes have yet to learn,
 How Sorrow dreads each finger trace.

XI.

Mine was too deep a love, to be
 The common theme of idle tongue—
 And every word they utter'd, wrung
 My spirit into agony!

XII.

I live a sad and settled wo;—
 I care not if the day be fair,
 Or foul;—I would that I were near
 The maid they buried long ago!

△

 LINES

ADDRESSED TO MYSELF.

The world is thine before thee,
 Wherein to choose thy place,
 The pure blue heaven is o'er thee;
 Then strip thee for the race.
 Let the free mind go forth,
 Cast fear and doubt away,
 Like the keen wind of the stormy North,
 Cleave thou thine onward way!
 The waves may curl around thee,—
 Hold on thy steady course;
 False fancies may have bound thee,—
 Yet try thy native force!
 No terrors shall appal thee;
 In vain, in vain they rise!
 No beauty shall enthrall thee,
 No witchery of eyes!
 Thy course is on, still on,
 'Till thou hast gained thy goal;—
 Then bid thy fears begone,
 And man thine own free soul.

THLE-CATH-CHA.

BEING A FEW PASSAGES FROM MUSCOCGHEE HISTORY.*

CHAPTER TWO.

WE concluded our last chapter of this narrative, by describing briefly the interview, which took place at Kensington, between his Britannic majesty, George the Second, and Tomochichi, the Mico or King of the Yamacraws; Senawkie, his wife; Toonakowee, the Prince, his nephew; Hillespillee, a war chief, and five other principal Indians of the same nation, who had been carried over to England by Oglethorpe. A treaty followed the interview, and certain rules were adopted, then and there, for the regulation of trade and traders among them, at their own suggestion; which, with partial modifications, have been continued to this day by our Government. Among these, they required that there should be but one Store House in each Indian town, for supplying their people; and that this should be under the direction of certain Trustees among the English, without whose license no white man was permitted to trade; and their goods were then only to be furnished at prices, which were to be arbitrarily fixed beforehand. An act was also prepared and adopted, for preventing the introduction of ardent spirits among them; but the insatiable appetites of the one people, and the no less insatiable cupidity of the other, soon rendered this salutary provision a mere dead letter in their chronicles. A law was also passed, prohibiting the introduction of slaves into the colony; but this, too, was soon made obsolete by the operation of influences beyond the control of a people, capricious like the Indians, and of adventurers so feeble, in physical respects if not in moral, as were all the early colonists. The chiefs gave, while in England, according to the account from which I quote, "Evident marks of their good sense, and of a sincere inclination to carry on a friendly correspondence between their nation and ours." Indeed, they were the lions of the season, and were quite as much subjects of wonder to the cockneys, as every thing they saw in Eu-

*The first chapter of these passages, will be found at page 394 of vol 1, *new series*, of the Southern Literary Journal, (July, 1837,) while the work was under the management of Mr. Whitaker. The temporary suspension of the Journal, a month after, necessarily led to the suspension of the narrative. It is hoped that its continuation now, will not task too greatly the memory of the reader, for the preceding portions.—[ED. S. L. J.]

rope must have been of wonder to them. The nobility entertained them at their tables,—the crowd followed them in the streets, and flocked around them at the public places, and the honor of shaking hands with the red sons of the forest was as eagerly sought by the English, as in modern times, and among ourselves, was the desire of grappling with the fingers of Lafayette. Twenty pounds sterling a week were allowed them for their support, while they remained in England; and when they left it, it is computed that they brought away presents of value to the amount of five hundred pounds beside. They remained four months in the immediate neighbourhood of the Court, which was then at Kensington; and it was the carriage of his majesty, that carried them to Gravesend to embark for Georgia. It is very doubtful whether this treatment, which was thought to be good policy at the time, did not spoil the savages, by the sudden importance to which it raised them. The disposition manifested to buy their favor, made them mercenaries, who were not unwilling to sell themselves to the highest bidder; as the spoils of the field of Granson made the rude Swiss, who had been, while poor, the fearless asserters of their own freedom, the hirelings of Moloch throughout the European world. For a time, however, the effect of this treatment was beneficial to the colonists, and the Muscoghees were willing tributaries of the Georgians; though it was not long after this, that the latter sought in vain, to procure by purchase the lands which lie between Ebenezer and Brier Creek, then belonging to the Uchee tribe, whose subsequent settlements may be traced, step by step, as the whites advanced among them, 'till we find their latest *stakes*, five hundred miles distant from the first on the banks of the Chatahoochie.

But the policy of the English became that of the French and Spaniards, from the first named of which people they had borrowed it; and to conciliate, or in other words to buy up and to make the brute ferocity of the savages subservient to their national jealousies and trading interests, the Spaniards sent emissaries in all directions to tamper with the Muscoghees. Oglethorpe, advised of this, was compelled to the renewal of his efforts; and the better to defeat the schemes of his enemies, with a degree of intrepidity which deserves eulogium, he prepared to go himself into the heart of the savage country, and add to the value of his presents, the imposing influence of his personal appearance and address. His reputation, by this time, had become generally known among the Indians, and of this fact he seems to have been fully aware. Setting forth with several pack horses, laden with such goods as would best please the fancies and meet the wants of a savage people, he proceeded towards Cowetan, the chief town of the Muschogees. There he met with a general assembly of the

Creeks, Cherokees and Choctaws; and here we find sufficient evidence of a fact, which does not seem to have been often remarked, and which would indicate a striking degree of kindred, between these seemingly distinct people—namely, that in the grand councils of one nation, there are almost always present some counsellors from the rest, who speak, recommend and vote, precisely as if they were representatives of the people, in authority, with whom they appear only to have commission to confer. This, it is true, may be only a consequence of their primitive and simple habits of life; habits which lead them to reverence the wise of every nation, and persuade them to hear with patience, and regard with a yielding judgment, the persuasions and advice of those whom they esteem to be worthy of trust; and yet, I cannot help thinking, that these several people were originally members of the same great family, distinct tribes, it may be, which from their increasing numbers and the remoteness of their settlements from each other, found it convenient to act independently, on all the ordinary occasions of society;—the differences of their languages, from what I can learn, do not seem vital, and are not greater than the various dialects of most European people, where, though coming from a common stock, circumstances, climate, and an occasional encounter with strangers produce changes in sundry regions, which are insulated and remote from the centre, which, to the inartificial ear, will seem as utterly foreign to the parent language, as it is possible for one language to seem from another. One thing is certain, that among the three great Southern nations of Indians which still exist, there has been on most occasions of national interest, a general reference to the feelings and interests of each other, and most commonly a decided unanimity of sentiment and action.

At the interview which followed this visit of Oglethorpe, he was received with a great show of hospitality and friendship, smoked with them the pipe of peace, drank with them the *black*, or purifying drink, and made another treaty of amity and interest. By this treaty, the Indians “declared that all the dominions, territory and lands between the Savannah and St. John’s Rivers, including all the Islands, from the St. John’s to the Bay of Apalatchie, and therein to the mountains, do by ancient right, belong to the Muscoghee nation, &c.” They confirmed all previous grants at the same time, and indicated the republican character of their social policy, by declaring themselves to hold their lands as *tenants*, or as *they* would phrase it, in more guarded language, proprietors in common.

This visit of Oglethorpe was timely, and the presents and arguments which he carried, were judicious and of excellent effect. The Muscoghees and Chickasaws sent a small force, the next year, to assist Oglethorpe, who commanded the combined troops of

Carolina and Georgia in an unsuccessful and rather discreditable attack, which was made upon the Spanish fortress of St. Augustine; and it was on this occasion that the General gave great offence to his Indian allies, by suffering his humanity to get the better of a cooler policy. The Chickasaws slew a Spaniard, and as the account goes, cut off his head; perhaps they merely scalped him. But whether it was the head or scalp merely, which they brought to Oglethorpe as a trophy, it provoked him to an expression of abhorrence and disgust, which vexed and astonished them. Instead of giving them the rewards, which they had been taught by the practice of all their previous European employers to expect, he denounced them as "barbarous dogs," and bade them "begone from his sight." This offended their *amour propre* to such a degree, that they seized the earliest opportunity to desert him. It does not belong to our narrative to say farther on the subject of this expedition, than that it was a most unfortunate failure, which entailed many dangers and a heavy debt on the two colonies engaged in it.

The indignity which Oglethorpe had put upon the Indians, by his scornful rejection of the trophy which they brought, was not, fortunately, resented universally among them, since we find a portion of the Yamacraw Creeks doing good service two years after, as allies of the General, in the able defence which he made of the colony against the Spaniards, where, defeating a force vastly superior to his own, he more than retrieved the reputation which he was supposed to have lost in the mis-managed expedition against St. Augustine. It was on this occasion that Toonakowee, the nephew of the Mico, Tomichichee, behaved with great personal bravery, slaying one of the Spanish captains, after he had been himself severely wounded in the right arm by his enemy. The Indians, as scouts and in ambuscades, contributed in no small degree to the singular success of the defence, made by Georgia on this occasion. Though the people of old Tomichichee had behaved thus bravely; and they furnished nearly one-sixth of Oglethorpe's force,—the aged king did not live to witness their valor. He died on the 15th October, 1739, about four miles from Savannah at the advanced age of ninety-seven. He expressed indifference to his approaching fate, as he said he had survived the ability to go to war any more, and could do nothing, he well knew, to help the English, when the Spaniards, who were expected, should come against them. He exhorted his people to a faithful adherence to their friends, the Georgians, and made a last request that he might be buried among the English. This wish was complied with, and his body was interred with military honors in Percival square, where Oglethorpe ordered a suitable monument and inscription.

The next relation, in which we find the Muscoghees to the colonists of Georgia, was one far from being either so friendly or favorable. The circumstances, which we are now about to relate, form a curious episode in the history of our sister State, and possess a singular interest, as well from the tragical consequences which had so nearly followed this occurrence, as from the ludicrous absurdity which pervaded their entire aspects. It appears, that among the colonists of Frederica there happened to be a divine, one Thomas Bosomworth, a preacher of the church of England and chaplain to Oglethorpe's English regiment. This person, whether from insanity or a wild ambition that looked exceedingly like it, projected a scheme for his own aggrandizement, which promised fair at one moment, to destroy the whole colony. One of the Indian chiefs or kings, as they were styled by courtesy, of the Muscoghee nation, named Malatchie, was made use of by the ambitious parson, who persuaded him to suffer himself to be formally crowned and anointed, in European fashion, as the Emperor of all the Creeks. This, as there happened to be a large number of Indians, chiefs and others at Frederica, at this time, was a matter of little difficulty. The ignorant creatures, it is more than probable, knew not well the meaning of the ceremony, and wholly regardless of the good cheer that came with it, were not unwilling to have made a dozen Emperors. Whether the sacred unction was poured upon the head of Malatchie by the reverend chaplain, or by a less worthy personage, is not recorded. The publication of the proceedings, however, was sufficiently formal and formidable. The manifesto, which they put forth on the occasion, has been fortunately preserved, and may very well bear recital at length. It runs thus:

"FREDERICA, (Georgia,) Dec. 14, 1747.

"Know all men by these presents, that we, Simpeopy, war-king of the Cowetas; Thlockpalati, head warrior of the said town; Moxumgi, king of the Etchitas (or, as now written, Hitchetas;) Iswige, head warrior of the Etchitas, and Actithilki, beloved man of the said town; Ciocolichee, king of Osuchee (Osweechee); Appalya and Ischabogy, beloved men of Nipkey; and Himmopacohi, warrior of said town; Tokeah, war-king of the Chehaws; Whyanneachee and Etowah, warriors of said town; Mahelabbi, beloved man of the Cussetahs, and Scheyah, warrior of said town; and Estchothalleatchi Yahulla (Yoholo) Mico of the Tuskigas; having full power by the laws of our nation, to conclude every thing for the towns we represent, do hereby acknowledge Malatchie Opya, Mico, to be our rightful and natural Prince. And we likewise, further acknowledge, that, by the laws of our nation, we think ourselves obliged to stand by, ratify and confirm, every act and deed of his, as much as if we ourselves were present; and we therefore make this public declaration to all subjects of the Crown of Great Britain, that Malatchie Opya, Mico, has full power and authority as

our natural Prince, to transact all affairs of our nation, as firmly and fully to all intents and purposes, as we, the whole nation might or could do if present. In confirmation, &c."

This was signed in the presence of half a dozen white witnesses, proved by one of them, and put on record in the Secretary's office of South Carolina,—the document being as rigidly authenticated, as if it were of certain and unquestioned value. This rare fooling was not without its selfish and deliberate purposes, however visionary and absurd the whole matter may seem. Bosomworth who devised it, seems to have suffered from that form of madness, which exhibits still, in all its phases and fluctuations, a general aspect of narrow cunning, that invariably lets it down from its height, and shows its spots of earth, at the very time when it is about to seem least earthy. It is scarcely possible, when we regard his subsequent proceeding, to suppose for a moment, that he could be other than insane. Charity at least, would have us presume so. Having accomplished this matter to his own satisfaction, he next drew up a deed of conveyance in common form, by which the new made Emperor of the upper and lower Creeks, in consideration of "ten pieces of strand, twelve pieces of duffles, two hundred weight powder, two hundred weight lead, twenty guns, twelve pair of pistols and one hundred weight of vermilion," conveyed to Thomas Bosomworth, and Mary his wife, "all those tracts of land, known by the names of Hussopee or Ossabaw, Cowleygee or St. Catharine's, and Sapelo Islands, with their appurtenances, &c.; warranting and defending the same to the said Thomas and Mary, so long as the sun shall shine, or the waters run in the rivers,—forever. Signed on the fourth day of the Windy Moon.—(14th December.)

Before the end of this farce, which had like to have been tragedy, can be recorded, it will be necessary that we should state some few particulars touching "Mary, his wife." She was an Indian woman, who was originally known among the whites as Mary Musgrove, subsequently as Mary Mathews, and lastly as Mary Bosomworth. She was a woman of some influence among the Creeks, and being intelligent, was singled out by Oglethorpe, at an early period in his treaties with the Indians, as an interpreter. He distinguished her by many favors; allowed her for her services one hundred pounds sterling per annum; and employed her as an agent and messenger to her nation and its several tribes. Bosomworth married this woman, accepted a grant of land from the Crown, and settled permanently in the province. Having procured his more extended grant from the new Emperor, he determined to assert his right to the lands which it conveyed; and in order to strengthen his claim, he circulated a report that "Mary, his wife," was an elder sister of Malatchie, and was descended from the In-

dian sovereign, who previously held dominion over all the Muscoghees. This done, Mary assumed the title of an Independent Princess, and became "Queen Mary." She disavowed all allegiance to the King of Great Britain or any other King; or any connection with him, other than such as should result from the formation of treaties and alliances. She next summoned a meeting of the Creeks, who attended in large numbers. To these she made a long speech, setting forth not only her novel claims, but also, with more effective art, the great injury which her subjects had sustained by the loss of their territories. She urged them to redress themselves by taking up arms. The influence of this woman provoked the Indians to fury; nor should this be a matter of surprise. It was the strict consequence of Oglethorpe's policy in employing her as a confidential emissary to her people, and in sending his occasional and annual presents through her hands. This confidence endowed her with an influence, infinitely beyond any thing possessed by any individual of the nation. The warrior blessed and worshipped the hand, which gave him the rifle and the hatchet, the beads, the blanket and the vermillion. To obey her, was to be favored; to offend, was to forfeit the luxuries which were most imposing to the savage eye and mind. The result of her speech was doubly overwhelming, as it was instantaneous. The savages were fired at her alleged indignities and their own. They pledged themselves to a man, to perish in the recovery of their common rights. Thus prepared for all events, Queen Mary, escorted by a large body of the savages, upon whom she had so wrought, set forth for Savannah, to demand from the President's Council the restoration of her possessions; or, at least, the recognition of her claims. A herald was despatched in advance of the Royal progress, to communicate the tidings of its approach, announcing the assumption by the Queen of her throne, and formally demanding, that all her lands south of the Savannah, should be relinquished without loss of time. She threatened, in the event of refusal, to bring down upon the colony, the whole force of the two nations of Upper and Lower Creeks, as their rightful Queen.

The affair now began, in spite of all its absurdities, to put on a serious aspect. The foolish woman, was attended by a horde of savages, whom she had inflamed by her artful addresses beyond their own, and possibly, her control. The whole force of Savannah amounted in this emergency to but one hundred and seventy men. The President (Stephens) and his Council, began to be alarmed at these bold proceedings, and much embarrassment ensued accordingly in their deliberations. They dreaded, and with sufficient reasons, her influence over the Indians, which they very well knew; and felt themselves too weak to resolve upon any

measure of audacity. It was hastily resolved to temporize with the pretender; to use soft and persuasive measures, until they could seize upon her person with safety. In the meanwhile, they were not neglectful of the necessary measures of defence. The neighbouring militia were ordered to hold themselves in readiness to march to Savannah, and the town was put in the best posture of defence. A messenger was sent to "Queen Mary" while she was yet several miles off, to demand if she were really serious in her pretensions, and to use every means of persuasion to divert her from her folly. But finding her inflexible, on the return of the messenger, the President resolved to receive the savages with a resolute countenance, and prepare for the last emergencies. The militia were ordered under arms, and as the Indians entered the town, Capt. Noble Jones, at the head of the cavalry, met them, and by a timely show of intrepidity and daring, he compelled them to ground and deliver up their arms. They submitted with great reluctance, and entered the town unarmed. Bosomworth, in his canonical robes, with his Queen beside him, (it is not said what kind of robes she wore,) followed by the kings and chiefs, marched through the streets (20th July, 1749,) making a most formidable and frightful appearance. The inhabitants were struck with terror at the sight of this ferocious tribe. When they came to the parade, the militia were under arms to receive them, and gave them a ceremonious salute of fifteen cannon. They were then conducted to the house of the President, where a consultation ensued on the subject of the claims of Thomas, and Mary, his wife. From this conference they were excluded, and the Indian chiefs were called upon to declare their objects. But this they declined to do, unless through their Queen and usual interpreter. They said that "she should speak for them, and they would abide only by what she said. They had heard that the whites were to send her like a captive over the great waters, and hence their coming in such a body to protect their Queen; they were unwilling to lose her; they meant no harm, however, and demanded the restoration of their arms which Captain Jones had taken from them, &c." To this last demand the Council gave their consent; the arms were restored, but all ammunition was rigidly withheld from them. On the following day, after the Indians had received their instructions in secret from "Queen Mary," they marched through the streets in a tumultuous manner, and with a degree of sullen ferocity in their faces, which threatened mischief. The alarm of the inhabitants was renewed. The women and children, dreading every moment to be scalped and murdered, contributed greatly to the confusion; the men turned out *en masse*, and armed to the teeth in preparation; and a false report which was put in circulation, that some of the Indians had murdered President Ste-

phens, nearly produced the catastrophe, which it was the earnest policy of the Georgians to avoid. It was with great difficulty, that the officers could keep their men from commencing the affair, by firing on the savages. Such a movement would have deluged the town with blood. A more peaceable policy succeeded better. Bosomworth, the true author of the mischief, was privately seized, and hurried into confinement. Like another Montezuma and Atabalipa, he was required in his own person to be the security for the good conduct of his subjects. "Queen Mary" became doubly frantic at this desecration of her husband's person, and denounced all manner of vengeance upon the colony; ordered all white persons to depart from her territories, cursed Oglethorpe and his fraudulent treaties, and with the fury of a demon, stamping the earth beneath her feet, swore by her Maker that the whole world should know, that the land was her own. The Council, finding that she kept the savages so much under her own eye, as to prevent any countervailing influence which they might employ, availed themselves of an opportunity to lay hands upon her sacred majesty, and put her in limbo along with her canonical husband. This done, the matter of conference and expostulation was found more easy. A feast was prepared for the chiefs and leading warriors. Persons acquainted with the Indian tongue were employed as interpreters, and through their medium, the design of Bosomworth and his wife, and certain portions of their history, of which the savages hitherto knew nothing, were revealed to them. They were told, that "Bosomworth had involved himself in heavy debts, chiefly to people in Carolina, (which it seems was the case,) and which he was utterly unable to pay, unless he could procure the lands from the Indians, and the presents which had been sent over by the King for their use only, and which, in all such matters heretofore, had been usually given them by 'Queen Mary' as Indian interpreter." It is, indeed, not improbable, that the employment of another agent than herself, in the distribution of these presents, was the true cause of her insane fury. The Council continued, by telling the now heedful auditory, that "these presents were theirs only," [It is not unlikely that they were apprized, that some even then awaited them.] "That they were intended by the King as a compensation for their services and fidelity during the war against their common enemy, the Spaniards; that the lands to which Bosomworth laid claim, could not be surrendered, as they were reserved for their places of encampment, whenever they should visit their beloved friends in Savannah; that the three maritime Islands, so improvidently included in their grant to Bosomworth, were reserved for their hunting and fishing, when they should come to bathe in the salt waters, &c."

This conference seemed to have the desired effect. Many of the Chiefs declared that Bosomworth had deceived them; and even Malatchie, whom he had made Emperor, renounced his relationship to Mary, "the Queen." Being asked why he had acknowledged her as a Queen of the great Creek nation, and surrendered his power to a despicable old woman, he replied in an answer, which opened the eyes of the whites more fully to their own impolitic proceedings. He said that the "whole nation acknowledged her as such, for that nobody could distribute the royal presents but herself, or some of her family heretofore." The President of Council answered this argument in the most effective manner, and closed the discussion, by proceeding to make in person, a general distribution of presents. While preparations were making for this distribution, the Council believing things to be now secure, imprudently suffered Malatchie, whose capriciousness of character was proverbial even among the Indians, at his own request, to see Bosomworth and wife, in their place of *retiracy*; and in this interview the arts of "Queen Mary" succeeded in undoing all that had been done. While the savages, gathered together, were actually receiving the gifts from the hands of the President, he came forth and addressed them in the language of hostility and hate. With a frowning visage and furious gestures, he delivered a speech, in which he repeated all the extravagant claims of Bosomworth and wife; declared that the lands were possessed by Mary, long before General Oglethorpe came to the country; that she was Queen and head of the Muscoghees; that by her consent only, were Englishmen first permitted to settle on them; that she was still their rightful owner; and that her words were those of three thousand warriors, who were now ready to raise the hatchet in defence of her rights. When he had concluded, he drew from his pocket a written paper, which he delivered to the President in confirmation of what he had said.

This production was evidently from the hands of Bosomworth, and served to convict him, more effectually, of disgraceful and dangerous designs. It contained a preamble reciting a great number of names of Indians, who were styled kings of the upper and lower Creek towns, and who were most probably their chief men and leaders. But two of these were present on this occasion. The speech of Malatchie formed the contents of the paper. The President answered Malatchie by a brief recital of their first acquaintance with Mary; this scrap of history may very well be given without much condensation:

"FRIENDS AND BROTHERS:—When Mr. Oglethorpe and his people first came to Georgia, they found Mary, then the wife of John Musgrove, living in a small hut at Yamacraw. He was a white trader, and had a license from the Governor of South Carolina, to trade with the Indians. Mary

was then in a poor ragged condition, neglected and despised by your people; but Gen. Oglethorpe finding that she could speak both our languages, made her his interpreter between us, put good clothes on her, gave her presents, and made her a person of consequence. The people of Georgia thought well of her, and she was useful to them, until she married this man, Bosomworth. From that time she has proved a liar and a cheat. She is no relative of Malatchie, as we all know; but the daughter of an Indian woman of no account, by a white husband. Gen. Oglethorpe bought no lands of her, for she had none to sell; he treated for them with the old and wise men of your nation. At that time, the Muscoghees had a great deal of land, of which they could make no use. They parted with a portion of it to their white friends, and were glad when we came among them to supply their wants."

After this preamble, which was doubtless strictly true, he proceeded to show, that the present discontents of their people had been infused into them by their pretended Empress, at the instigation of her white husband; that their object was purely selfish; that he, Bosomworth, had demanded from Council a third part of the Royal bounty, which had been designed for the Indians only; and that it was his object, in truth, to rob them of their rights, and not to maintain them; that he had quarrelled with the Council of Georgia for rejecting his exorbitant demands, and hence his desire to make mischief, &c.

The effect of this conference was again pacific. The Indians declared their eyes to be opened, and talked in the usual figures, about chains of friendship, and the union of hearts and hands, and brethren. They begged that the pipe of peace might be brought; and the pipe of peace, as they well knew, never came unaccompanied by the jug of rum. This, too, made its appearance on the present occasion, and the hall of council became the hall of feasting. Liberal gifts, at the same time, of various commodities, ammunition excepted, were distributed among them, and they all seemed satisfied. While the President and Council were thus busy, and flattering themselves with the idea that their difficulties were happily over, "Queen Mary," who it seems had not been denied free access to the potent beverage, in which they were all indulging, escaping from her place of honorable restraint, rushed, perfectly drunk, into the midst of the assemblage, and flew at the President, whom she denounced as seeking to seduce her people from their allegiance. The worthy man, though utterly confounded, was probably not displeased that she limited her assault to the feminine weapon only; and however annoying that of itself might be to delicate ears, was content that she forebore the use of others, which might have been of more lasting detriment. He met her partially on her own ground, and replied as calmly as he could to her denunciations and assertions. This would have

shown bad taste in President Stephens, had his audience been only Europeans. But the necessity of having the last word, among savages, is of no small importance; and for the honor of the colony, the President was resolved not to be outdone in eloquence. The Indians listened to the belligerents with faces of grave deliberation, until "Queen Mary," making a partial concession of the ground to her opponent, addressed herself to those who had fewer words than the President. The latter injudiciously threatened, if she did not keep her tongue, to put her again into confinement. This threat she repeated to Malatchie; with some gross exaggerations and harsh comments, and with so much art, that the capricious savage started to his feet; seized his arms; called upon his people to follow his example; dragged the "Queen" into the ring, which, at a signal, they formed around her; and with a tomahawk waving above the heads of each counsellor, they prepared to obey her command. Nothing less than instant death was expected by the counsellors; and for an instant the triumph of "Queen Mary" seemed complete. But before her signal could be shown, or the word of slaughter spoken, Captain Jones, at the head of the guard, seasonably made his appearance, and with a promptness of resolve, which he had manifested once before in the same business, he overawed the aroused savages; and with a bold hand which they did not dare to arrest, he seized once more upon the factious woman, and carried her off to safe-keeping. The Indians submitted with sullen reluctance, and the task of soothing and reconciling them had to be begun anew. In this emergency, the President and Council were greatly assisted by a young warrior named Ellick, who was either less capricious, or more easily persuaded than the rest. It would seem that he disclosed to the whites, sundry of the intrigues and proceedings of Bosomworth, which had been kept secret by the rest; and it is more than probable, that he advised them to keep the two ringleaders, the Canon and the Empress, in solitary confinement, without communion with his people. This done, Ellick moved off to the nation in advance of his brethren. Finding that he was unable to see Bosomworth or Mary, and perhaps, that nothing more was to be got by delay, Malatchie and his savages followed in detached parties the steps of Ellick; and the people of Savannah tired out with constant duty, were at length fortunately relieved from an insurrection, no less strange in its origin, than threatening, at one time, in its aspects. Had Bosomworth been endowed with as much courage as art, his success must have been complete; and the affair must have terminated fatally for the infant settlement. He had only to surprise the magazine on his first arrival in Savannah; and provided with ammunition, his savages were in sufficient numbers, to have overpowered the militia, when a general massacre must have ensued. It may

be added here, that Bosomworth and his wife went to England, where they urged their claim, which was litigated in the Courts for several years. To a considerable extent the decision was favourable to their claim. The Court of St. James granted them the Island of St. Catharine, and gave instructions at the same time, for the sale of the rest of the lands, the proceeds of which were applied to the extinction of their titles. Bosomworth took possession of the Island, where he resided for some years with "Queen Mary," who died in process of time, like all other Queens. The husband, whose taste in wives seems to have been rather curious, subsequently married his chambermaid. The three lie buried in the same grave yard of St. Catharine's, and they are said to lie together without commotion.

We shall end our chapter with this episode, which, with a little ingenuity, might be worked with considerable effect into a story of those days. We commend it, with due respect, to the regards of the romancers.

POEM.

DELIVERED BEFORE "THE SOUTH CAROLINA ACADEMY OF ART AND DESIGN,"
AT THE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE SOCIETY ON THE FIFTH DAY
OF APRIL LAST.—BY JUDGE R. M. CHARLTON.

(Published in the Southern Literary Journal at the request of the Society.)

WE meet, kind friends, on this auspicious day,
At Learning's shrine, our choicest gifts to lay;
Not with war's trumpet, nor with beat of drum,
Nor yet with shout, or martial strains we come;
Ah, not for us, the warrior's crown is wreath'd,
Nor yet for us, hath valor's praise been breath'd;—
Ours the meek step that marks the gentle mind,
By science soften'd, and by arts refin'd;
Ours the soft spell that comes to bless and cheer
The weary moments of life's brief career,
To add a smile to joy, and take from grief a tear.

Not vain our task. We hold the trump of fame,
And give to lofty deeds, a deathless name;
We nerve his arm who strikes in Freedom's cause,
And give to Wisdom, wisdom's best applause;
When Genius droops, or modest worth retires,
Still ours the spell that rouses and inspires;

The Statesman, struggling for his country's good,
The lonely dweller by the lake or wood,
The peerless beauty in her matchless bower,
The watchful gazer in his star-lit tower,—
All own our sway, and all confess our power.

And strong indeed must be the mental chain,
That links young Beauty to our lengthening train;
She, at whose shrine, the haughty monarch kneels,
Whose darling charm, the lowly peasant feels,
Whose smile can win a guerdon from Despair,
And smooth the haggard brow of wrinkled Care,
Whose tear can melt the adamant heart, .
And bid Revenge and all his train depart,—
She comes, with willing steps, a captive to our art.

Ah, well the Serpent knew in that sad hour,
When *Eve* he tempted in fair Eden's bower,
Ah, well he knew the charm to win her heart,
And make her steps from Virtue's paths depart,
For thus he whisper'd: "Eat, and thou shalt know
All things in realms above, and Earth below:
Eat, and thine will be the noble mind,
No more by earth or worldly things confin'd;
Eat." And she ate, and Eden's bowers were lost,
And man hath since by Sorrow's waves been tost;
Yet vainly still, our numbers seek to chide
The erring saint that pleadeth by our side.

Nor only beauty seeks our sacred bower,
O'er other hearts we claim a kindred power.
The haughty chieftain doffs his lofty crest,
Stills the fierce passions of his throbbing breast,
Divests his form of battle's proud array,
And hither comes his classic vows to pay;—
Behold the hero in his alter'd mood,
His foes all conquer'd, and himself subdued;
No blood stain'd trophies mark his conquests here,
Nor widow's shriek, nor hapless orphan's tear;
His battles over, and his perils done,
No more he seeks our flow'ry paths to shun,
A purer fame he hath,—a nobler trophy won.

And see by valor's side, at learning's shrine,
The rev'rend reader of the text divine;
God's sacred messenger! man's earthly guide,
Whose own pure life, like chrystal stream, doth glide;
E'en he disdains not at our school to learn
The arts that gladden, and the "words that burn;"

'Tis well he comes; 'tis proper he should know,
The wond'rous joys that from his Maker flow,
That he may teach the flock he comes to guide,
Why shines yon planet, and why flows yon tide,
Why falls the leaf, and why descends the rain,
What made the mountain, and what form'd the plain,
That he may show God's mercy, and his care
For ev'ry thing in earth, and sea, and air,
So ev'ry humble dweller on this sod,
Might "look thro' nature up to Nature's God."
Has it not vex'd thee when thy feet have trod
The holy temple of the living God,
When sad in spirit, and perplex'd in mind,
Then thither went'st, religious hope to find,—
Has it not vex'd thee in that sacred place,
To hear some preacher void of sense or grace,
Expound some thrilling text with thread-bare stuff,
"Till wounded patience longs to cry "enough?"
Hast thou not felt within thy inmost heart,
That none like this could holy truths impart?
But ah, what change when thou hast sought the shrine,
Where stood the polish'd and the skill'd divine,
Whose burning eloquence and chaste discourse,
Have cheer'd thy spirit with their thrilling force,
Have clear'd thy pathway of all doubt and fear,
And made thy vision clear and still more clear,
Till Heaven hath burst upon thy longing sight,
And virtue bless'd thee, with her cheering light!

I know some *men*, (I ne'er saw *woman* so,)
Within whose veins life's current flows so slow,
Who have so sadly in their frames combin'd
The vis inertie, and the stagnant mind,
That e'en from infancy to hoary age,
In vain for them hath nature op'd her page;
No noble impulse marks their drone-career,
No gentle smile,—no sympathising tear;
Just like the snail thro' life's dull path they creep,
Their whole existence but a waking sleep,
And when away life's sluggish stream shall glide,
This their true epitaph, "They *liv'd* and *died*."

Now tell me, gentle hearer, if you can,
How would you class these specimens of man?
I own it beats my philosophic ken,
Unless I call them *vegetable* men,
Plants that have *action*,—*locomotive weeds*,
And all unknown life's nobler aims and deeds,
They sleep, and drink, and eat,—just as the oyster feeds.

Can this be man, in God's own image made,
By feelings govern'd, and by reason sway'd?
Aye, it is *man*; but like the rugged stone,
Which never yet the sculptor's art has known,
Unwrought,—unpolish'd,—this much you must own,
All you can say is, that it is a *stone*;
So he that labors under folly's ban,
Can ask no higher praise, than "he's a *man*."

Yet take this man; let science teach her lore,
Let learning polish his rough surface o'er,
Let sweet religion write upon his heart,
The kindest lessons of her heav'nly art;
Let wisdom point him to her glowing page,
His doubts diminish, and his fears assuage;
And lo! the change that meets your wond'ring sight,
His mind now sparkles like the diamond bright,
He feels the spirit that within him burns,
From sordid deeds, and low delights he turns,
And virtue leads, and glowing thoughts inspire
The noble image of his Heav'nly Sire!

And yet some fool who ne'er their paths hath won,
Asks, "but what *good* have arts and science done?"
What have they done! thou dolt! what have they *not*!
Say, who to thee thy being's self hath taught;
Who show'd thee, sir, to navigate the wave,
And read the mysteries of yon "bright concave?"
When burning fevers scorch thy aching frame,
Whose skill assuages and subdues the flame?
Who aids thy vision when thy sight grows dim,
And lends new vigor to thy palsied limb?
Who forms the statues that around thee stand,
And with God's temples beautifies the land?
Whose power hath broken down the bounds of space,
And outstripp'd Time in the unequal race,
And snatch'd the thunderbolt from Jove's own hand,
And conquer'd Nature, by her stern command?
Ask then no more, what blessings they have done,
These are the trophies that their skill hath won.

Let PAINTING now, our noble theme inspire,
And "fan the embers of poetic fire."
Child of the senses! daughter of the heart,
We own thy magic, and we love thy art.
'Twas thou, that shon'st upon the classic Greek,
That mak'st the glowing canvass breathe and speak,
That bring'st to view the forms we hold most dear,

(Ah, long since borne upon their honor'd bier,)
 That tell'st us of the old, the mossy tree,
 Where first we wander'd in our youthful glee,
 Or mind'st us of the soft and rural shade,
 Where with the hearts we lov'd, we fondly stray'd;
 'Tis thy kind pow'r that teaches us to trace
 The forms and features of another race,
 Who, when "red Battle" held his wild career,
 Stood in his throng, and led the vanguard here.
 Oh, if some master of thy graceful art
 Would seize thy pencil, and its hues impart
 To the broad Canvass, where his skill might trace
 The future prospects of fair Freedom's race,
 And picture Discord in his fiend-like form,
 His food, our hopes,—his dwelling place, the storm—
 With strife and carnage, striding in his train,
 Their floating garments crimson'd with the stain, }
 That brother gather'd from his brother's vein,
 With desolation bringing up the rear,
 And famine mocking at the widow's tear;
 Oh, if some hand would thus depict the wretch,
 And all his evils,—all his terrors sketch,
 Then might thy pow'r his murderous arm arrest,
 And thy sweet skill beyond all arts be blest;
 Rous'd from his sleep, each patriot would dare
 To front the traitor in his mad career,
 And this loud shout should rise from Freedom's band,—
 "God save our country,—bless our native land."

They're fading, they're fading,
 The memories of that hour,
 When gallant spirits proudly stood,
 And dared the foeman's pow'r;
 The bloody stream,—the battle plain,
 Where Freedom was enshrin'd,
 They're fading,—they're fading
 Forever from our mind.

They're passing,—they're passing,
 Those bold and aged men,
 Who scorn'd the proud invader's threat,
 And hurl'd it back again;
 Who brav'd the perils of that day,
 The terrors of that night,
 They're passing,—they're passing
 Forever from our sight.

And must they,—and shall they,
 Thus droop and die away,

Nor leave a single vestige here,
Of all that bloody fray!
The glory that their battles won,
The blessings that they gave,
Oh, ever,—forever,
• Be buried in their grave!

Oh, fling then, around us,
Affection's holy chain,
And let the ties that bound us,
Encircle us again,—
And thro' the wide spread valley,
O'er mountain, and o'er moor,
The story of glory
Shall live forever more.

Daughter of memory! lo, to thee,
An humble votary at thy shrine,
With willing heart and bended knee,
I offer up these gifts of mine,
Sweet *Poesy*!—ah, could I flee,
From earth and all its cares away,
And find a home and rest with thee,
Where beameth Hope's refulgent day,
There, in thy soft, sequester'd bower,
Where flows the stream, and buds the flower,
How calmly could I sink to rest,
Thus pillow'd on thy gentle breast.
Nymph of the broad and classic brow,
Too much like Eve's fair daughters, thou!
When trembling suitor comes to woo,
Thou turnest from his shy embrace,
Yet smilest with thy sweetest grace,
On him who doth thy steps pursue;
Oh, if thou fleest from me *now*,
No more for *me* thou'lt deck thy brow,
Nor raise again thy syren song,
The heights of Helicon along.

Strike the loud *Music*! let the notes inspire
The patriot's bosom with its wonted fire;
Strike it again! and let the softer strain,
Enwreath his senses with its magic chain.
Thou sweet enchantress of the hill and grove,
Child of *Mnemosyne* and *Cretan Jove*,
Ah, well we know that thy celestial art,
Can mould the passions and control the heart,
Can rouse the tempest of the human breast,
Then still its wrath, and lull it into rest;

Here on this happy, this auspicious day,
Ere silence follows on my humble lay,
This passing tribute to thy skill I pay.

Another theme my muse would fain impart,
'Tis not a *Science*, tho' no doubt an *Art*;
It flourish'd some half century ago,
Meanwhile its progress has been rather slow;
But now so wonderful its powers are shown,
It has its influence even on a *Stone*!
Oh, mighty talisman! magnetic power,
Would I were favor'd with thy *clairvoyance*,
That I might boldly enter wisdom's bower,
And learn her secrets at a single glance,
Or read the meaning of sweet beauty's smile,
Or view the workings of the human heart,
(Both undiscoverable as the Nile,
Unless to those who profit by *thy art*;)
Or cross the heaving Ocean in a trice,
The price of "Bowed" per pound or bale enquire,
Learn all the mysteries of stocks and rice,
And fill my pockets to my heart's desire.
Oh ye, who sway this "magical rapport,"
Forgive, I pray ye, this poetic sport,
Continue still your evidence to give,
That folks may wonder and yourselves may—live,
So shall ye rank among the new mythology,
Pass'd by no gods, unless by *thine*, Phrenology!

I like not this *Phrenology*,
This system of unfolding
The secret of a man's desires
To ev'ry one's beholding;
Who likes to have his bumps disclos'd,
His secret thoughts discover'd,
And sins that ever have repos'd,
To each one's gaze uncover'd!

Good *deeds* are nothing to good *bumps*,
But *satyr* to *Hyperion*,
The *deed* was accidental quite,
The *bump* is the criterion;
Should sorrow e'er o'ertake our path,
Alas, who now will harbor us?
This holding up to mortal wrath,
I think, is truly barbarous.

What need of Juror, now, I ask,
Of sage and hoary Judges,
Why put their wisdom to such task,

When all their skill but fudge—is;
Should fifty thousand men declare,
They saw the crime committed,
If the *destructive* bump's not there,
Would sentence be permitted?

We read in travels of a bird,
In deserts wide, a ranger,
Who when pursued, but hides its head,
And heeds not of the danger;
We all may learn, tho' we deride,
A lesson by attending,
What need we fear, if we can hide,
The *head* of our offending.*

Thou *bony* mirror of the mind,
Its virtues and its vices,
I own, in thy *reflective* power,
There's something that entices;
The world may now no longer dread
Each knave that strives to trick it,
Since we may read on ev'ry *head*,
Dame Nature's moral ticket.

But wherefore should I name each gentle art,
That wakes the fancy, or that cheers the heart,
Each,—all—some blessing to our lot can bring,
Or take from care, its sharp and venom'd sting.
Can we not win from toil and strife, *some* hours,
And pass them, gladly, in our classic bowers?
Ah, what is life, that we should waste its prime
In senseless pleasures, or in burning crime,
Nor cast one thought upon those purer joys,
Worth tens of thousands of such gilded toys;
We sell our hopes,—our happiness,—our health,
To gather treasures, and to hoard up wealth;
The live-long day, and half the night we toil,
In Mammon's temples, for their golden spoil,
The more we gain, the more our spirits crave,
And lucre's worship ends but with the grave!
Why should this be? why should we turn away
From learning's altars, and from reason's ray;
Why should we strive a fleeting shade to hold,

*The first four stanzas on Phrenology were written by the author of this Poem, and published in the Savannah Georgian a few years ago. They have been incorporated herein, as the muses refused to furnish any thing new against the "Science of the day."

Or barter wisdom for that idol, *gold*?
Oh, let such blot no more upon us fall,
Let such vile chains no more our minds enthrall;
Now, that our day of lethargy hath past,
And we have roused us from our sloth at last,
With heart and hand together let us strive,
To keep the spirit of this hour alive.
Henceforth, let science claim her proper due,
And let our steps her pleasant paths pursue;
The humblest mind may yet some lesson learn,
The wisest brain need not her wisdom spurn.
Thus let us live, and when life's closing day,
Shall cast its shadows o'er our feeble way,
Still shall we leave a bright and honor'd name,
Unstain'd by follies, and unmark'd by shame!

What nobler impulse could our hearts inspire,
What prouder epitaph could man desire!
Who has not felt,—who has not wept to feel,
The sudden changes of life's rapid wheel;
 To-day, young Joy entwines us with his spell,
And "blue-eyed Hope," and Pleasure with us dwell;
No cloud obscures the brightness of our sky,
No moody phantom flits our vision by,
No care intrudes upon our sunny path,
No passion stirs us up to crime or wrath;
But onwards still we hold our proud career,
Our page of life unblotted by a tear,
While link'd together by affection's chain,
Our hearts in love and happiness remain.
A few more moments scarce have pass'd away,
A few more hours been added to our day,
And all so lately beautiful and bright,
At sorrow's touch, hath faded into night;
Link after link is broken from our chain,
Joy after joy is from our bosoms ta'en;
And as we view them one by one depart,
And own the chasm in our bleeding heart,
And as we feel the deep corroding sin,
The crimes, the burning crimes, that lurk within,
Who to his heart will thus refuse to say,
While sadly turning from the scene away,
"Ah, well for *him* who leaves an honor'd name,
Unstain'd by follies, and unmask'd by shame."

Life! oh what thoughts within our troubled brain,
That word can conjure up, for joy or pain.
Behold the dew-drop glittering on the leaf,
Bright with the kisses of a thousand rays,

Nature's sweet tear! and even in her grief,
Some joys she scatters o'er earth's checker'd ways.
No painter's canvass can that drop pourtray;
Art strives in vain such colors to infuse,
As Nature pictures with her own bright ray,
Upon the freshness of her morning dew.
A summer cloud hath past across the sun,
Zephyr hath breathed above that flow'ry plain,
And when we turn to gaze once more upon
That beauteous dew-drop, all our search is vain!
See stretch'd in slumber on the verdant lawn,
The graceful figure of the gentle fawn,
A pure and guileless being; one, whose life,
Hath never known of bloodshed or of strife;
Surely no fear could make this fond one stray,
From this clear stream and verdant lawn away!
A pebble's weight hath dropp'd upon the tide,
A leaf hath fallen rustling by its side;
See, they have scared the slumbers of that fawn,
That sound,—that leaf has rous'd it,—it is gone!
Alas! alas! *man* is that verdant lawn,
And *life* that dew-drop,—life, that timid fawn!

My verse is finish'd, and my task is o'er,
I may not trespass on your patience more.—
Thanks for the courtesy whose kind command,
Hath brought a stranger to your favor'd land:
Ah, not a *stranger*! for in other years,
My own lov'd parents here have wept their tears;
One narrow stream divides our sister lands,
In battle's hour, one spirit nerv'd our bands;
We light our torches at one common flame,
Our laws alike, and all our hopes the same;
Can we be *strangers*? shall *Savannah's* tide,
As well our feelings, as our lands divide?
Have we no ties as strong as those of blood,
That scorn the boundaries of that narrow flood?
Aye, but we have! and if the storm that low'rs,
Shall burst around us in ensanguin'd showers;
If the fair temple that our fathers rear'd,
By fierce fanatic shall be spoil'd and sear'd;
Still, like the far-fam'd *Nazarite* of old,
We to the pillars of the fane will hold,
And the same crash that ruin round *us* throws,
Shall deal destruction to our common foes.
Shall this e'er be? Arise, ye mighty dead!
Tell of the battles where your blood was shed,
Point to the wounds that made your country free,
Then ask your children, "shall this *ever* be?"

Answer, ye freemen! let your voices say,
"Not till the memories of those scenes decay;
Not whilst we yet, upon each battle plain
Can mark the relics of our gallant slain;
Not till a later and a darker day,
Shall *Freedom* see her proudest dome decay;
And gazing on the sad and blighted view,
Breathe her last sigh, 'and weep her last adieu.'"

And now the word our lips regret to tell,
"The sound that bids us linger yet—FAREWELL!"

LOOSE THOUGHTS.

MAN'S life is not to be measured by the passage of days and years, but by actions; and the octogenarian who has vegetated during his sixteen lustres, has not lived as much as the daring and active youth of five and twenty, every step of whose progress left its print forever. The men who stamp their features on an age and nation, are generally, like the changes produced by nature, brought out by volcano and earthquake; though there are those who, slowly and surely like her more beneficent operations, instil their opinions like the gradual dropping from the cavern, till the whole is one brilliant stalactite.

The man of polished manners and fine feeling, is like the skilful skater, who glides easily, gracefully and noiselessly along; while the rude and harsh scramble and sprawl upon the ice, scratching and labouring terribly, and probably getting a d—l of a fall at last.

What utter loneliness to be alone in a crowd!—To see ten thousand persons, all full of life and animation, exchanging the hurried greeting, the familiar nod, or stopping in friendly chat; and amid all these living hearts to be alone, to have no friend, no cause to wear out the beaver by frequent upliftings,—to be as Phillips has it: "grand, gloomy and peculiar,"—to walk without an object,—to see all and yet know none;—it makes one bilious.

A good and stirring thing it is for man to meet with difficulties. Some whips say, that it is easier for horses to draw over a hilly country than on a dead level. So with men; having surmounted one hill of difficulty though with many a weary tug, they go rattling and thundering down the favourable declivity, and rush half way up the breast of the next steep, again to toil and again descend.

A BUSINESS DAY AT CHEE-HA.

A fig for the sportsman, who will only converse with you in the "King Cambyses vein!" who is dumb, unless he boast of some magnificent sport, or most unequalled exploit! I have already told you, gentle reader, somewhat of my successes; shall I misjudge you—if I suppose, the recital of an occasional failure may prove almost as grateful?

It was the end of October. The first light frosts had fallen. The demons of pestilence, that for six months had rioted undisturbed in the dank vapours of our campagna, nipped by the northern blasts, now flapped their wings in dismay, and boomed off for the congenial fens of the remoter South. The planters, who had entrenched themselves, all the while, in towns and villages, against the assaults of their invisible but deadly foe, now rushed joyfully forth, like men from a beleaguered city on the withdrawal of the enemy, to revisit their forsaken plantations. I among the rest, was preparing for my first visit to Chee-Ha. It was a visit of inspection—of *business*,—to see how my interests had fared during the long summer's absence. Yet some how or other, Robin the huntsman was the servant chosen to attend me; and my hunting pony was the horse he was to mount, and my gun and horn were thrown into the gig, as if a necessary part of my travelling equipment, and Rowser, Black and Nimrod, with an instinctive perception that *their* day of importance was come, crouched whimpering at my feet, then trotted off in company as if they had been regularly summoned; so that it was apparent, that if *a hunt* was not exactly the direct object of my visit, it might readily become a collateral one!

The journey is made, and the night past in that venerable and hospitable mansion, to which Loveleap from a different quarter, but with purposes similar to my own, had but just repaired. The morrow dawned, and the first beams of the Sun found us dressed, walking the piazza and rejoicing in the promise of a glorious day. The air was cold; the vapours that hovered about the river, condensed by the night's cold, and lifted by the rays of the ascending sun, were looped up in the horizon like a broad curtain, which left the roots and tops of the trees distinctly visible, while the intermediate parts were still shrouded in its dense folds.

"A charming day," said Loveleap, stretching his neck impatiently beyond the railing, to observe the course of some thin strata of clouds, that moved slowly in the higher region of the atmosphere. "There will be no wind—so moist too;—the scent will lie famously."

"Too true," said I, "but you know I come on business,—business before pleasure,—that's my motto."

"But will your business hold you all day? Could you not despatch it, and after take a hunt?"

"Possibly," said I.

"Then I will call my boy," said Loveleap; and seizing his horn, gave a blast which brought not his boy only, but the whole eager pack of expecting hounds upon us in a moment, wagging their tails, whining with anticipated pleasure, and casting their noses up into the air, as if they already caught the scent of the out-lying deer! The appeal was irresistible.—

"Tempt me no more Loveleap;—I will swallow a hasty breakfast, and gallop over to my plantation. Give me three hours for business,—the rest of the day shall be yours!"

The breakfast is ended, the horse mounted.—"In three hours I shall expect you," said I at parting; and away I go at a hand gallop. The road lay through my corn field; but the grain had been gathered.—"Why should I pause to observe it narrowly? Some better drainage is wanted, I can see at a glance; but that is past and incurable;—before another crop all that shall be remedied; and there are my peas ungathered,—their bearing is truly abundant; but what is this?—a deer's track! two of them by Jove! not two night's since; have they cropped these leaves, as I know by the freshness of the tooth-print! My dainty sleek skinned marauders, you shall account to me for this! And there is my cotton field on the hill to the right; it lies out of my way,—a distant coup d'œil must serve me now; some other time I shall examine it closely." Oh it is wonderful how we stride over the field of business, when we have hitched to the fence beyond some favorite hobby, which we are impatient to mount and ride!!

And now the noisy chirping of a thousand blackbirds clustered on a neighbouring tree; and the merry clatter of the flail rebounding from the barn yard floor, announced the approach to the settlement. The overseer crawled forth to greet me, pale and still feeble from the inflictions of the autumnal scourge; and yet this man had done no bodily labour,—he had not toiled under our burning skies, but rode habitually to the fields to superintend the work of the blacks, and was sheltered from sun and rain by an umbrella! and is it *this* region, which the philanthropic abolitionist would people with white labourers? The asiatic cholera would not be more sweeping in its desolation, more unsparing or more fatal than this pestilent malaria. Is not the scheme of superceding slave labour in such a region by free white labour, as insane and atrocious as that of Lequinio, who proposed to perpetuate republican principles, by exterminating all of the human family who were old enough to have imbibed the taint of monarchy?

I enter the barn yard; the driver doffs his hat, and draws a long scrape of his right foot, by way of welcome; and the glossy backed operatives hedge me about with a circle of flail sticks, by way of salute. What greasy looking rogues! What a contrast to the bloodless fever-stricken being who was placed there to superintend their labours! The dank vapours of the swamps so baneful to him, had they served to nourish *their* grosser bodies? Had they fattened on the mere aroma of the rice, like the poor Parisian on the fumes of the pastry cook shop? It was not that they had fed on it surely, for there stood their own ricks unthreshed. Could they have stolen it? "The theft of a slave is no offence against society;" says a high legal authority; and these slaves had possibly acted on the principle, and had not been looked to over closely in so doing; for there is a precept better known to the Southern planter, than to the philanthropist who condemns him.—"Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn."

I mount the steps of the winnowing house; it had a twofold advantage,—it enabled me to glance at once over the whole extent of the rice fields, and to count the ricks of rice in the barn yard. I will not detain you, gentle reader, by describing the rich appearance of the rice fields as viewed from that eminence; the deep golden hues of the newly-reaped stubble, relieved by the fresh green of the leaves shooting out from the roots to bourgeon forth (if the season allowed it) into a second harvest. Nor will I fatigue you by recalling the pleasant thoughts that possess the planter's mind, when looking down on those capacious ricks, he dwells on the amount of sustenance to man and other animals which they provide, or calculates the ample profits to himself. You, like myself, may be anxious for a hunt,—and I shall not long detain you.

"Have you threshed out a rick?"

"Yes sir," says the driver.

"What was the yield to the acre?"

"Sixty bushels, sir."

"Was it your best rick?"

"N—o, sir."

"Mixed you any of the straw rice with this rick?"

"Y—es, sir,—a leetle; but you kin see maussa!" and the driver brought me a sheaf from a rick hard by—thick, full grained, heavy; a magnificent sample, (if true sample it was,) of the crop which was to reward my expectation. Alas, Venator! thou knewest not that the rick was *plated*, or rather *gilt*, and that while the outward and tangible sheaf was of such satisfactory quality, the light, and the mow-burnt and the bird-pecked, was safely bestowed, far from the reach of inquisitive eyes, in the very centre of those proud looking ricks! How like a honey-moon in the planter's life, are the first brief visits of the fall to the long deser-

ted plantations! All then is bright and full of glorious promise; but winter comes, and at its close,—the hour of disenchantment!!

On descending from the winnowing house, a long slab-sided fellow stalks up to me.—

“Maussa! cum tell you, sir, me clote an’t nuff.”

“Did you not get your six yards?”

“Ees, sir.”

“That was enough.”

“Ees, sir; but anty Phillis cut me long tail blue so long, ee only lef wun leg to me britches!”

“Wrap your long tailed blue round your other leg then.”

“Ki, maussa! me guine stan een ban yard long dem ooman, wid-out no britches!”

“Maussa!” said a strapping young jade, advancing with a shoe in her hand, “Me shoo no fit.”

“Can’t help that; take it to the overseer.”

“Enty I carry um ready, an I say obshaa, massau no low dis; un he cuss at you!”

“Curse?”

“Ees, maussa! obshaa, him say, cause me gon cut me medjure haf inch too short:—him no care a dam! enty dat de cuss?”

“Maussa! massa!” said several voices at once, offering to my unwilling ear petitions equally important and edifying with the foregoing; but at that moment a shrill whistle, rather than a blast from the horn of Loveleap, (this was his private signal,) warned me of his approach, and I hastily dismissed this high court of appeals, with the remark:—“Another time,—I must now go to visit the sick;” and off I galloped for the negro quarters. Their houses were arranged in a double row: and in the midst sat a grey haired mauma, surrounded by a troupe of little negroes over whom she exercised plenary authority. The sick were then visited, examined and prescribed for. Fortunately there were no serious cases, and I was preparing to depart, when the plantation nurse, who was whiling away the tedium of her unoccupied hours in a sound day sleep, hobbled forth to meet me.—“Huddee—maussa! How you do?” “Well!” “How missis do?” “Well.” “An all de family?” “Well,—all well.” “Bress de lord!”—An young Missis too?”

“I’ve told you she was well.”

“An me leetle young missis too, an young mass Pincher,” continued the interminable interrogator, who in spite of all impediment was determined to fire off her whole volley of questions!

“Have you no sick but those I have visited in yonder house?”

“Ees, sir; Cudjo got a bad toot.”

“Out with it.”

“An Diana too; him got twins!”

"Nurse them!"

"Only him not got husban yet what own um!"

"That's hard! the lusty jade! let her choose a couple!"

"Eh! eh! maussa too komkil! you mean we all to hab two husban maussa? caus Hacklus back grow so stiff; him no sarbis to me; can't toop for pick up stick fur warm de hous; an uncle Jupiter he berry bleegin man; him will help, if you only saa de wud, maussa!"

"Out upon you!"

"Ky ole maussa! you gon fule me ater all! When young Mass Pincher cummin een place? I yerre-ee ride hoss fur kill! Old maussa!"

"Not a word more you limping hag!" cried I, flinging myself into the saddle with rather more effort than was needful, and twisting round my gun between my finger and thumb, as if it was as light as a riding whip.

"*Old Maussa!* you shall not say *that*." "No," said I, as some unpleasant memories flashed across my mind, "Not for two years to come!"

"Tink of dat now!" said the disappointed nurse as she hobbled back to her bed, to sleep out the remnant of her nap, "He hair gin to turn gray, and he bex caus I call um ole!"

"Well, Loveleap," said I, as he now advanced followed by drivers and hounds, "I am at your service. Have my three hours expired?"

"Only two," said Loveleap, "but knowing your talent for despatch of business, I borrowed one, and am here."

We struck for the woods across a back water dam. The horse path cut the preceding year, was overgrown with twigs of the summer growth, and every thing looked as still and unfrequented, as the lover of nature or the lover of sport could desire. The trout sprang from beneath the willow, as the little insects scared by our approach, or shaken from the interlacing branches, fell into the smooth lake below. The summer duck rose with a shrill cry from his woody skreen, and the teal, that with bills beneath their wings, were quietly reposing and dijesting their last night's gleanings from the rice fields, shot off on whistling wing to seek some less disturbed retreat. The woods now broke upon us in all their autumnal glory. The sweet gum, the maple and the hickory, spread their branches as a canopy above our heads, and the bright hues of their red or yellow foliage, contrasted pleasingly with the sombre verdure of the Pine. Some lingering flowers too were there; and the vanilla, touched by the frosts, filled the forest with a fragrance exceeding even the perfumes of Spring. And then those coverts!—so solitary, so undisturbed! whose repose had not been startled for months, by the baying of a hound or the echoes

of the huntsman's horn! My heart bounded within me, as we cast off the pack, and rode rapidly forward to guard the passes of the drive!

It was *Wright's bay*, and the dogs had scarcely entered, when they roused a deer, and went roaring on in pursuit through the centre of the drive, while we dashed on at full speed along a foot path that encircled it. We were too late; the deer had escaped by *green pond*!

"Push on Tippoo," said Loveleap to his roan, "we'll catch him yet at *Chapman's bay*!"

Too late again! away went the deer for the river, and when our panting steeds drew up at the brink, the deer had already crossed, and the leading dogs were howling along the bank, and asking, as far as their brute action could ask it,—our leave to follow.

"Too fast for us this time," said Loveleap, "we'll try it again."

At slower pace than we had come we retraced our steps, and cast off the dogs a second time into the same drive. The same ill success attended us: again we started,—again the deer got ahead of us, and again we toiled in an unprofitable chase, until we again found ourselves pell mell with the hounds at Chapman's fort, the deer having again crossed the river!

"I'll tell you what, Loveleap," said I, "this is sorry sport to me! I have little of the Osbaldistone in me, and relish not these hard rides against time; the deer it seems are grown so timid from the 'corruptions of a long peace,' that they trust neither to their legs nor wind, but push, on the first alarm from the dogs, directly for the river. Ride back, if it pleases you; for myself I decline a third heat, and shall rub down and cool off here."

The indefatigable Loveleap turned back to renew the hunt, while I remained to intercept the deer, if on another start, he should repeat the same run. The period of his absence seemed long. I dismounted; and throwing the reins over my horse's head, left him to graze at will, while I seated myself on the small mound of earth which dignifies this spot with the name of *Fort*: and as the dark waters of the Ashepoo glided noiselessly by, flinging here and there a bubble to the surface, which broke or disappeared to give place to other bubbles; and as the leaves, fanned by a gentle southern air, fell rustling from the surrounding trees to mingle and be lost in the earth which received them, I mused, and bethought me, that they were but too apt emblems of human fortunes and human life! Where were the original lords of this soil, whose dark forms glided in by-gone days, through these very forests, intent like ourselves, on the pleasures of the chase? Gone like those bubbles! scattered like the leaves of a former season by the blast of the whirlwind, or buried (as those now falling about me, were soon to be,) undistinguished beneath the soil! their musical dialect

every day upon our tongues, and they—forgotten as though they had never been! And where were they, who dispossessed them? the early white colonists?—gone like themselves! The spreading oaks hard by, marked their traditionary graves; but their histories, their very names, already indistinct from time, are fading day by day from human memory! Shall we too pass away and be forgotten? must the like oblivion rest on us, and on the race to which we belong? What unthought of page in the unsearchable book of futurity, might yet be ours! I was roused from these reveries by a sound like that of a distant gun: it was very indistinct; it might be the stroke of the woodman's axe—or the crash of a falling tree; it roused me however, and mounting my horse I rode a short distance to the east of my late position, and stood in the gorge of a small ravine open in front, whence I commanded the bluff on the left, and the marsh on my right. I might have relapsed into my former musing, but for a restless motion of my horse's ears, which riveted my attention. Could he hear what was inaudible to me? I listened,—and it did seem to me that I heard the cry of hounds. Was it fancy? No!—it is too distinct for that!—and hark! they approach. The distinguishing notes of the leading hounds could now be heard; but they dropped in at intervals, as if they were running at wide distances in a weary chase. Aye! they near me!—and by the sound, are bearing down directly for this spot! and my pulse beat high with expectation, as settling myself in my saddle, I glanced my eye over lock and barrel to see that all was right. The pack were still nearly a mile distant, when a deer sprang suddenly from the thicket into the ravine before me, and stood. It was a peg-horned buck: he turned his head back, and pricked his delicate ears in the direction of the cry; then after a moments pause, as if to determine his course, he leaped forward to gain the river. There was an air of security about him, amounting almost to playfulness, and he threw up his hind legs with a sort of gambolling motion, as much as to say to his pursuers: "*that* for you, you wide mouth'd curs! your throats are good, but as for your legs,—that for you; and when you get thus far, a cool swim to you across the Ashepool!" I sat motionless on my horse until he had approached within fifty yards, when, snatching up my gun, I fired and he fell. Dismounting and laying down my gun, I advanced to secure him, when suddenly regaining his legs, he slipped through my fingers, and scrambling under the limbs of a low spreading oak, floundered off into a thicket and was lost to view. Aware that his aim would be the river, I rode quickly back to the bluff, and shouted at the top of my voice. The noise of my gun and my shouts now reached the pack, reviving their failing strength, and they bore down towards me with renewed speed,—still I rose and shouted, in order to turn back the deer and

hoping that they might intercept him on their advance. The leading dogs now reached the spot where the deer had fallen; there was his blood sprinkled over leaf and sod,—but where was the deer? The laggards of the pack, the cold of nose but slow of foot, now dropped in; but they all stood at complete fault! Nimrod alone, (he was from a cross with the West India blood hound,) traced him out on his back track, as making a circuit to my left, he was working his way to the river. I heard his cry of alarm, and galloping in the direction, saw him seize the deer and hold him fast, when he was but thirty yards distant from the river. The other hounds were not up; and a second time I dismounted to lay hold of him. Before I touched the ground, he broke away from the dog and pushed for the river. I raised my gun, but the dog was so close at his heels that I could not fire without killing both. As he mounted the parapet, an interval of a few feet was gained; I fired and the deer rolled over the mound *into the river!* At this moment a horseman arrived. It was Robin.—

“Lay hold of his horns Robin,—they are within reach of the shore.” Robin stooped, but the deer, not quite dead, gave a kick which propelled him a yard from the shore. “Here is a rail, pass it over him and draw him to you.” The rail broke short in his hand, and the dogs now drawn to the spot by the uproar, plunged in, seized the deer by the ears, and, instead of landing, him dragged him further and further into the river.

“In with you Robin,” said I, “or he’s lost. There’s not an instant to spare; in with you!”

“My Got Maussa! dem dog tek me for deer and drown me.”

“Drown *you*, you prince of fools! they know an ass from a deer.”

“Enty de ribber deep Maussa?”

“Deep!—was ever man cursed with so cowardly a driver? I’ll in myself and bring him ashore;”—and I kicked off my boots, unbuckled my stock, stripped off my coat, and was preparing for the last sacrifice* to the Graces, when Loveleap who had rode up during the turmoil, casting a queerish look at me, asked:—“Do you mean to swim after it?”

“I do,” said I.

“You are hot,” said Loveleap.

“Hot!—would it not fever a Saint, to have that fellow fail at this pinch, who never failed before?—ask if the river’s deep, as if it mattered a sixpence whether it was one fathom or a hundred! Have I not trained him till he is amphibious, and does not know the difference between land and water?”

“I mean you are heated, too much so to go in until you are

* I differ from Coleman, who uses the expression: “Sacrificing to the Graces by putting *on* his clothes,” &c.

cooler. I have not ridden hard, nor scuffled with the deer as you seem to have done; I am a better swimmer too, and see—that eddy has swept the deer farther into the stream.”

With this, he began to undress; and I, thinking it idle that two should take the plunge, when one would suffice to land the prize, began to replace my clothes as he divested himself of his; and indeed, the exposure of my person, heated by the struggle, to the cold air from the river, already made me shiver! When I was completely dressed, Loveleap still applied himself to the task of undressing, but more deliberately, it seemed to me, than before. At last the work was ended, and his manly form, untrammelled by dress, stood prominently forth on the river’s brink, like the statue of one of the *Athletæ* of ancient Greece! The Naiads of the Ashepoo blushed deep, and hid their faces within her sedgy banks, as the unwonted image stood mirror’d in her dark stream! Thus stood Leander in act to leap, when the love lamp in the distant tower, taught him to contemn the cold waters of the Hellespont: and thus stood Loveleap; but no Hero beckoned *him* from beyond the cold flood! He stood—but leaped not; and casting a rueful look at the deer now receding in the distance;—

“That cursed eddy,” said he, “has twirled him into the middle of the stream; and see—he has been sucked into the strength of the tide. Do you think—there is no danger?”

“If *you* think there is,” said I, after a pause, “it is enough: there is no more to be said,—dress yourself—the deer is lost.” Then turning towards the unconscious deer, whose head and peg horns were alone visible, as it floated rapidly up the stream, I vented my disappointment in this apostrophy:—“Go thou fool! no better than Napoleon, hast thou known the fitting time to die! The devil take thee, for thou hast needlessly kicked and thrust thyself beyond the reach of *Grace!*”—and with this grotesque comparison and forced pun, which, strange to say, seemed to blunt the edge of my vexation, I set spurs to my horse, and soon left behind me, the scene of so many unpleasant memories.

Loveleap overtook me, when my disappointment having expended itself a little, my pace had proportionably slackened.—

“I had two chances to have blown off his head,” said I, “before he gained the river, and I stupidly let them slip: and why? because I have a foolish pride in letting each barrel tell for a deer! I am vexed that he is lost; I had sooner have lost the finest bullock in my herd.”

“Console yourself,” said Loveleap, “we’ll talk about it over a venison steak! Did you hear a gun?”

“I think I did,” said I.

“A fine doe is waiting for us a mile ahead,” said Loveleap.

“And that made you so confoundedly cool at the river side,” said I.

"There were two started," said he, "the doe I shot, and the *peg horned* buck—"

"Is now floating up Ashepoo river," interrupted I, "a *horn colic* to the ravenous alligator that makes his supper of him!"

As I have occasionally consoled a brother sportsman for a disappointment in the field, by reciting the mischance of this day, I have sometimes caught Loveleap slyly tipping the wink to his neighbour, as much as to say: "I hummed him; my stripping was all a feint; meant to prevent his swimming Ashepoo river after a buck." It may be so; but if true, it shews that Loveleap has mistaken his vocation, and done wrong to devote his talents to wood craft. He must equal old Perigord himself in diplomacy, for never man seemed more in earnest, or had more credit for being so.

VENATOR.

THE SONG BIRD AND THE FLOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ATALANTIS."

I.

In the forest deep, a flower was growing,
In the forest deep, without a peer;
To its secret home, in beauty glowing,
Came, one day, a lovely song bird near:
With wild strain of love, enamour'd flying,
To the flowret's lips at last he press'd,
And, another moment, he was lying,
Lying close, and nestling in her breast.

II.

Day by day, he flew to seek the flower,
Blooming in that forest wild and deep,
And when came at last the parting hour,—
And he left her,—she was left to weep.
But, when later every day returning,
Sad and sick she chided his delay,
"Wherefore, when my heart is for thee burning,
Dost thou linger, loved one, by the way?"

III.

Gaily then, with song, the bird replying,
Vex'd the gentle spirit which adored;—
"O'er a thousand forests I've been flying,
To a thousand flowers that call me lord!"
Like the pliant grass in heavy showers,
Sank the flowret then with many a tear,—
"Thou," she cried, "dost seek a thousand flowers,
With one song bird, I were happy here."

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF AARON BURR.*

IN tracing the early condition of a country, the lives of its conspicuous men, in a great degree, compose the chief material of its history. The biography of few men present an apter illustration of this remark, than that of Aaron Burr. Born before our Revolution, he became an active participator in its achievement; and his talents and character for many years afterwards, made him a leading actor in the various political scenes consequent upon that great event. Embodying the sentiments of the first democratical party of the country, he stood so prominently before it, as to render it long doubtful whether himself or Jefferson was the most acceptable to the people, in their choice of chief magistrate of the Union. The life of such a man, aside from its individual interest, belongs to the country as a part of its history. To accomplish this task seems to have been the object of the volumes before us. As a general criticism upon their merits, we will here observe what all the critics have said of them; they are hurriedly and clumsily put together, and have in a great measure failed to present the prominent traits and events in the life of their subject. With full acknowledgment, however, for the aid they have afforded us, we shall proceed to sketch, in our own way, some outline of the life and character of Aaron Burr.

This distinguished individual was the descendant of one of those German adventurers, who, during the latter part of the seventeenth century, emigrated to this country and settled in the present State of Connecticut. His father was born in that province, on the 4th of January, 1715, and was among the first who graduated at Yale College. After many fears and doubts about his qualifications, and under dense clouds as to his spiritual state, he tells us, he offered himself to the trial, and was approved a minister of the blessed faith, in September, 1736. After preaching for sometime at Hanover in the Jerseys, he was called by the good people of Newark, where such great regard and love were manifested for him, that he was induced to accept the charge of their souls. With this pious intent, he was in 1738, set apart to the works of the ministry, by "fasting, prayer and imposition of hands." "In November, 1739," says he in one of his letters, which Mr. Davis has published, "I made a visit to my friends in New England, and again in March, 1740. In the following August I was in a declining state of health, and by the advice of my physi-

* *Memoirs of Aaron Burr, with miscellaneous selections from his correspondence, by Matthew L. Davis, in two volumes. Vol. 1. New-York: Published by Harper & Brothers, No. 82 Cliff street.—1837.*

cians visited Rhode Island. From thence I proceeded to Boston. On the 19th of September I heard Mr. Whitefield preach in Dr. Colman's church. I am more and more pleased with the man. On the 21st, heard him preach in the Commons to about ten thousand people. On Monday, visited him, and had some conversation to my great satisfaction. On the 23d, went to hear him preach in Mr. Webb's church, but the house was crowded before Mr. Whitefield came. The people, especially the women, were put into a fright, under a mistaken notion that the galleries were falling, which caused them to hurry out in such a violent manner, that many were seriously injured and five killed. The same day, Mr. Whitefield preached at Mr. Gee's church. In the evening he preached at Dr. Sewall's church. On Saturday I went to hear him in the Commons; there were about eight thousand hearers. He expounded the parable of the prodigal son in a very moving manner. Many melted into tears. On the 4th of October, being on my return to New Jersey, I arrived at Fairfield, where I remained two days with my friends."

Of the college of New Jersey, at first opened at Newark, and subsequently under the title of Nassau Hall, at Princeton, the Rev. Mr. Burr was appointed the first president. In 1752, his circumstances permitted him to think of marriage; and the daughter of the celebrated divine and metaphysician, Jonathan Edwards, was selected as the happy one of his choice. Unlike his son, the Rev'd. Mr. Burr seemed to have devoted little study to the art of pleasing the ladies. His courtship, an object of profound attention and study with most men, was by him carried on and consummated, after a manner altogether singular, even in those days of strict Puritanism. Preliminaries being agreed upon, Miss Edwards was sent for and brought into New-Jersey, where she was joined to her spouse, who professed to be otherwise too busy to wait upon her at her father's homestead.

Of this marriage, Aaron Burr, the subject of this memoir, and his sister Sarah, afterwards the wife of Judge Reeve of Connecticut, were the offspring. Before young Burr had reached his second year, having lost both his parents, himself and sister were placed under the guardianship of Dr. Shippen of Philadelphia. For the care and devotion of this gentleman to his early wants, Burr always after expressed the highest sense of gratitude.

Few anecdotes are recorded of Burr's early life. One or two, however, have been told as characteristic of his energy and fearlessness of mind even at a very tender age. In his fourth year it is said of him, that having some misunderstanding with his preceptor, he ran away from him, and succeeded with great adroitness, to make good his elopement for three or four days; and as another evidence of the same sort of daring, it is mentioned that in

his tenth year, filled with the desire of making a sea voyage, he left his uncle Edward's with whom he then resided, and actually entered as cabin boy an outward bound vessel at the port of New York. Being discovered by his uncle a few days afterwards, to elude his capture, he clambered up to the top-gallant mast head, from which perilous situation he would not descend until the fullest and most favorable preliminaries of peace were entered into. We agree with his biographer, that such anecdotes, give strong indications, even at so early an age, of that fearlessness of mind, and determination to rely upon himself, which at every period of Burr's subsequent career strongly marked his character.

In his fourteenth year Burr entered Princeton college. Although well prepared for a higher class, his youth and diminutive stature, induced the faculty to place him in the sophomore class. This circumstance exceedingly mortified him; and the college tradition goes, that his feelings were still further aggravated by the students, continually quoting Latin phrases in allusion to his *parvity*. These little piques, however, were soon forgotten; and it was not long before young Burr acquired the high respect and admiration of both students and professors, for his exact and proficient scholarship. For sometime he studied for no less than sixteen hours in the day; but this gave him so decided an advantage over his less studious fellows, that he now relapsed into an application as irregular, as before it had been intense. Indeed the last year of his collegiate course, is said to have been one of comparative idleness and dissipation. At his graduation, however, out of a class much distinguished for its talents, he received the first appointment of the institution.

During the second year of Burr's collegiate course, Mr. Davis tells us, there was at college what in religious phraseology is called "an awakening." Many of the students became converted, and Burr being one of their most conspicuous associates, was frequently appealed to, and even threatened with the most terrific consequences if he did not "turn from the evil of his ways, and give some outward signs of his inward and spiritual grace." At such appeals he was more irritated than affected, and under the influence of his perturbed feelings, he applied to Dr. Witherspoon, then president of the college, to have a free and full conversation upon the subject. If Mr. Davis may be relied upon, the Doctor, very unfaithfully, we think, assured his applicant, that what he observed operating upon his friends was not true religion but mere fanaticism. If this conversation did occur, and we are disposed to doubt it, may not much of Burr's disregard for religion in after life be traced to the reply of his Reverend adviser, who in the opinion of all good men, should rather have fed the coal already awakened in his pupil's breast, than by attributing improper mo-

tives to the conduct of his fellows, for ever to have extinguished a feeling which if properly excited, may have proved very salutary in its influence.

But we must repeat, that we are incredulous as to this incident in Burr's life. We fear, that Mr. Davis anxious to present some apology for his friend's total indifference to religion, has perhaps fabricated a story, which does as little good for the religious character of his favorite, as it does to the worthy reputation of Dr. Witherspoon.

While in college, Burr formed intimacies which afterwards ripened into lasting friendships. Many of these were his superiors in age; and it may be put down as no little evidence of his intellectual standing, that he could at this time number such men as Dr. Dwight, Dr. Spring, Judge Patterson and others of equal distinction, who not only accepted, but even sought his correspondence.

Mr. Davis tells an anecdote of Burr while at college, which a grave reviewer* has laughed at as childish and unworthy of record. Our opinion is otherwise; and in view of the old adage, that straws show which way the current runs, we shall cite the anecdote as an instance of that early appreciation of what belonged to place and circumstance, which enabled Burr in after life to discharge his various public functions with such distinguished honor to himself and his country:

"In the college there was a literary club, consisting of the graduates and professors, and still known as *The Clio-Sophic Society*. Dr. Samuel S. Smith, subsequently president of the college, was then (1733) a professor. With him young Burr was no favourite, and their dislike was mutual. The attendance of the professors was expected to be regular. The members of the society in rotation presided over its deliberations. On a particular occasion it was the duty of young Burr to take the chair. At the hour of meeting he took his seat as president. Dr. Smith had not then arrived; but, shortly after the business commenced, he entered. Burr, leaning on one arm of the chair (for, although now sixteen years of age, he was too small to reach both arms at the same time), began lecturing Professor Smith for his non-attendance at an earlier hour, remarking that a different example to younger members was expected from him, and expressing a hope that it might not again be necessary to recur to the subject. Having finished his lecture, to the great amusement of the society, he requested the professor to resume his seat. The incident, as may well be imagined, long served as a college joke."

It having been the dying prayer of his parents, that their child should grow up with a "heart for the ministry," it was supposed by many of his relations, that Burr would study divinity after his

* See American Quarterly Review for March, 1837.

graduation at college. He, however, disappointed their hopes, by commencing in 1774 the study of law with his sister's husband Judge Tappan Reeve of Connecticut. With this gentleman his time was occupied, as a preparatory course to the more abstract branches of that science, in the reading of history; and as the times gave a relish for it, he principally devoted himself to those portions of the study which had a tendency to inflame the martial spirit of his nature.

Just at this period, says Mr. Davis, "the absorbing topics of taxation and the rights of the people were agitating the then British colonies from one extreme to the other. These subjects, therefore, could not pass unnoticed by a youth of the inquiring mind and ardent feelings of Burr. Constitutional law, and the relative rights of the crown and the colonists, were examined with all the acumen which he possessed, and he became a whig from reflection and conviction, as well as from feeling."

In 1775 the battle of Lexington aroused every patriotic citizen of the country. Burr caught the feeling it excited, and at once determined to join the standard of his country, which was now unfurled. He accordingly left Elizabethtown, where he then resided, and after some days journey joined the army at Cambridge. As his recent studies had prepared him for military life, few came to his country's aid better prepared with that knowledge belonging to the soldier—none, certainly, with a more intense ardor to make himself serviceable. Animated by such incentives, it is not wonderful, that he should have been disappointed in the expectations he had formed of military life. Instead of finding the army well disciplined and orderly, it exhibited a scene of idleness, confusion and dissipation. He had been reading of soldiers organized under skillful and well tried generals; he now found raw recruits, each one so anxious of preserving his individual rights, as scarce to be willing to submit to that discipline which so essentially belongs to the proper management of soldiers. During his connexion with the army at Cambridge, Burr was taken ill of a severe nervous fever. While on his recovery, and yet confined to bed, he heard some of his friends in an adjoining room, proposing the memorable expedition to Quebec. Calling them to his bedside, he became acquainted with their object; and although contrary to the injunctions of his physicians and the earnest intreaty of his friends, who represented to him his enfeebled state of health, the dampness and colds of the wilderness, through which they were to pass, and the thousand untried difficulties they must necessarily encounter, he was so bent upon accompanying them, that, he at once got out of bed, and commenced dressing himself for the purpose. In a day or two with four or five hearty fellows, whom he persuaded to join his mess, he was ready for the expedition, and after a march of

about sixty miles with his musket and knapsack on his shoulder, he was ready at Newburyport for the embarkation.

To this place, his uncle Edwards, hearing of his feeble health, sent a messenger to persuade him back; and even to threaten him, should he refuse. "Were you to make any forcible attempt upon me," said Burr, "in ten minutes I would have you hung up." Finding him thus resolved upon his purpose, through the instruction of the messenger, his uncle presented him with necessary funds, and in a few days afterwards he embarked upon the expedition with the troops under the command of Arnold. "Their design," says Mr. Davis, "was to penetrate Canada about ninety or one hundred miles below Montreal, proceeding by the Kennebec river, and thence through the wilderness between the St. Lawrence and the settled parts of Maine. In this route, precipitous mountains, deep and almost impenetrable swamps and morasses, were to be passed. Arnold, in a letter to General Washington, dated *Fort Weston*, September 25th, 1775, says: 'I design Chaudiere Pond as a general rendezvous, and from thence proceed in a body. I believe, from the best information I can procure, we shall be able to perform the journey in twenty days; the distance from this being about one hundred and eighty miles.'"

After the arrival at Chaudiere Pond, Burr was despatched with a verbal message to Montgomery. To execute this difficult task, he disguised himself as a Catholic priest. In this order of men, he was willing to repose confidence, well knowing their disaffection to the provincial government. Being master of the Latin tongue, and somewhat acquainted with the French, he procured the required information from a Reverend churchman, who at first from Burr's youthful and boyish appearance treated him as a mere child. "Discovering, however, the settled purpose of the young adventurer, the priest procured him a confidential guide and a cabriolet (for the ground was now covered with snow), and, thus prepared, he started on his journey. Without interruption, he was conducted in perfect safety from one religious family to another, until he arrived at Three Rivers. Here the guide became alarmed in consequence of some rumors as to the arrival of Arnold at the Chaudiere, and that he had despatched messengers to Montgomery to announce to him the fact. Under strong apprehensions, the guide refused to proceed any farther, and recommended to Burr to remain a few days until these rumors subsided. To this he was compelled to accede; and, for greater security, he was secreted three days in a convent at that place. At the expiration of this period he again set off, and reached Montgomery without further detention or accident.

"On his arrival at headquarters, he explained to the general the character of the reinforcement he was about to receive; the pro-

bable number of effective men, and the time at which their arrival might be anticipated. General Montgomery was so well pleased with the details which had been given him, and the manner in which young Burr had effected his journey after leaving Arnold, that he invited him (Burr) to reside at headquarters, assuring him that he should receive an appointment as one of his aids. At this time Montgomery was a brigadier, and not entitled to aids, only in virtue of his being commander-in-chief of the army. Previous to his death, however, he was appointed a major-general, but the information did not reach him.

"As soon as Burr had joined the family of the general, he entered upon the duties of an aid; but no formal annunciation was made until the army arrived before Quebec, when his appointment was announced in general orders."

"When this attack," says Mr. Davis, "was about to be commenced, Captain Burr, and other officers near General Montgomery, endeavoured to dissuade him from leading in the advance; remarking that, as commander-in-chief, it was not his place. But all argument was ineffectual and unavailing. The attack was made on the morning of the 31st of December, 1775, before day-light, in the midst of a violent snow-storm. The New-York troops were commanded by General Montgomery, who advanced along the St. Lawrence, by the way of Auncé de Mere, under Cape Diamond. The first barrier to be surmounted was at the Pot Ash. In front of it was a block-house and picket, in charge of some Canadians, who, after making a single fire, fled in confusion. On advancing to force the barrier, an accidental discharge of a piece of artillery from the British battery, when the American front was within forty paces of it, killed General Montgomery, Captain McPherson, one of his aids, Captain Cheeseman, and every other person in front, except Captain Burr and a French guide. General Montgomery was within a few feet of Captain Burr; and Colonel Trumbull, in a superb painting recently executed by him, descriptive of the assault upon Quebec, has drawn the general falling in the arms of his surviving aid-de-camp. Lieutenant Colonel Campbell, being the senior officer on the ground, assumed the command, and ordered a retreat."

The reputation, which Burr had now acquired as a soldier, drew to him the attention of some of the most distinguished men of the day. While on his return from the Quebec expedition, Gen. Washington whose headquarters was then at New York city, invited him to join his family. This invitation Burr readily accepted; but after remaining in Washington's family a few months, he became restless and disaffected, and finally quitted in disgust. The characters and dispositions of Washington and Burr were too dissimilar ever to permit any thing like a sympathetic feeling between

them. Washington perceived or thought he perceived something in Burr which was not to be trusted, and his caution, if not his prejudice was excited against him, as soon as they became acquainted. Burr felt that he was an object of suspicion with Washington: and how early his dislike arose, appears in the following extract from the memoirs:

"During the short period that he remained in the family of General Washington, he was treated with respect and attention; but soon perceived, as he thought, an unwillingness to afford that information, and those technical explanations of great historical military movements, which an enquiring and enlightened mind, like Burr's, sought with avidity and perseverance. He therefore became apprehensive, if he remained with the commander-in-chief; that, instead of becoming a scientific soldier, he should dwindle down into a practical clerk—a species of drudgery to which his pecuniary circumstances did not render it necessary for him to submit, and for which neither his habits, his education, nor his temperament in any degree qualified him. He therefore determined promptly on a change, and was willing to enter the family of Major-general Putnam, because he would there enjoy the opportunities for study, and the duties which he would be required to perform would be strictly military. There is no doubt the short residence of Major Burr with General Washington laid the foundation for those prejudices which, at a future day, ripened into hostile feelings on both sides."

As aid to Gen. Putnam, Burr was actively engaged in the battle of Long Island, and in the subsequent operations during and after the evacuation of New York. In the summer of 1777, he received the appointment Lieutenant-colonel of Malcom's regiment; but owing to the inactivity of that officer, he became in fact, its chief commander. In this capacity he was stationed during the remainder of the campaign, in the neighborhood of North River. At Valley Forge he joined the main army, and went into winter quarters; and it is here, while receiving the approbation of Washington for his military abilities and personal courage, that he is charged with having joined the Conway Cabal, the object of which, was to supplant Washington in his command, by aspersing his reputation as a man and a soldier.

While stationed at Valley Forge, the following anecdote is mentioned of Burr:

"Within eight or ten miles of Valley Forge, there was a narrow and important pass, known as the Gulf. A strong body of militia were stationed to defend it. They were in the habit of exciting in the camp false alarms; and the main body, in consequence, was frequently put in motion. When not put in motion, they were greatly disturbed, especially at night. These alarms generally resulted from the want of a rigid discipline. General M'Dougall was at Valley Forge, and exceedingly annoyed. Of Burr, as a disciplinarian and a soldier, he entertained a high opinion; and recom-

mended to Washington that he withdraw from this detachment Burr's seniors, as officers, and give him the command of the post, which was accordingly done. Colonel Burr immediately commenced a rigid system of police, visiting every night, and at all hours of the night, the sentinels; changing their position, &c. During the day he kept the troops under a constant drill. The rigour of this service was not adapted to the habits of militia, who had been accustomed to pass, in camp, a life of idleness, and to act as suited their individual whims and caprices. A portion of the most worthless became restless, and were determined to rid themselves of such a commander.

"Colonel Burr was notified of the contemplated mutiny, in which he would probably fall a victim. He ordered the detachment to be formed that night (it being a cold, bright moonlight), and secretly directed that all their cartridges should be drawn, so that there should not be a loaded musket on the ground. He provided himself with a good and well-sharpened sabre. He knew all the principal mutineers. He marched along the line, eying the men closely. When he came opposite to one of the most daring of the ringleaders, the soldier advanced a step, and levelled his musket at Colonel Burr, calling out—"Now is your time, my boys." Burr, being well prepared and in readiness, anticipating an assault, with a celerity for which he was remarkable, smote the arm of the mutineer above the elbow, and nearly severed it from his body, ordering him, at the same time, to take and keep his place in the line. In a few minutes the men were dismissed, and the arm of the mutineer was next day amputated. No more was heard of the mutiny; nor were there afterwards, during Colonel Burr's command, any false alarms. This soldier belonged to Wayne's brigade; and some of the officers talked of having Colonel Burr arrested, and tried by a court-martial, for the act; but the threat was never carried into execution."

At the battle of Monmouth, Burr was conspicuously and actively engaged; and it was in consequence of his excessive exposure and fatigue upon that occasion, that he incurred a disease from which he never afterwards entirely recovered. In 1778 his health had become so feeble, as to render it necessary for him to ask a short furlough of the commander-in-chief. In doing so, he suggested that, during his absence from service, his pay should be stopped; a proposal which Washington with his accustomed propriety, answered in the following elegant manner:

"DEAR SIR,—I have your favour of the 24th. You, in my opinion, carry your ideas of delicacy too far when you propose to drop your pay while the recovery of your health necessarily requires your absence from the service. It is not customary, and it would be unjust. You therefore have leave to retire until your health is so far re-established as to enable you to do your duty. Be pleased to give the colonel notice of this, that he may know where to call upon you, should any unforeseen exigency require it.

"I am your obedient servant,

"G. WASHINGTON."

In 1779, Burr's health became so alarming, and his constitution so much shattered, that he was obliged to resign and retire from service. Upon the reception of his letter of resignation, Washington paid him a high compliment in reply; and Burr retired with the additional gratification of receiving the regrets and kindly wishes of all his brother officers and friends. He now retired to Connecticut among his relations. While on an accidental visit to New Haven, Governor Tyron landed with a large body of men, and commenced those excesses upon its inhabitants, which are so memorable in our history. Burr heard of the Governor's advance, and though ill in bed, without a moment's hesitation, he arose, mounted his horse, and placing himself at the head of a small body of college students, for a time, with distinguished bravery repelled the advancing enemy.

With this incident, closes the military career of Col. Burr. Fearful that we may not have done justice to this portion of his life, upon which alone he prided himself, we shall avail ourselves of the following summary, selected by Mr. Davis, from among the many testimonials of a like character, he received while preparing the memoirs of his friend:

COLONEL RICHARD PLATT TO COMMODORE VALENTINE MORRIS.

"NEW YORK, January 27th, 1814.

"DEAR SIR,—In reply to yours of the 20th of November last, requesting to be informed what was the reputation and services of Colonel Burr during the revolutionary war? I give you the following detail of facts, which you may rely on. No man was better acquainted with him, and his military operations, than your humble servant, who served in that war from the 28th of June, 1775, till the evacuation of our capital on the memorable 25th of November, 1783: having passed through the grades of lieutenant, captain, major, major of brigade, aid-de-camp, deputy adjutant-general, and deputy quartermaster-general; the last of which by selection and recommendation of Generals Greene, M'Dougall, and Knox, in the most trying crisis of the revolution. viz. the year 1780, when the continental money ceased to pass, and there were no other fiscal resources during that campaign but what resulted from the creative genius of Timothy Pickering, at that crisis appointed successor to General Greene, the second officer of the American army, who resigned the department because there was no money in the national coffers to carry it through the campaign, declaring that he could not, and would not attempt it, without adequate resources, such as he abounded in during the term of nearly three years antecedently as quartermaster-general.

"In addition to the foregoing, by way of elucidation, it is to be understood by you, that so early as from the latter part of the year 1776, I was always attached to a commanding general; and, in consequence, my knowledge of the officers and their merits was more general than that of almost any other in service. My operations were upon the extended scale, from the remotest parts of Canada, wherever the American standard had waved, to

the splendid theatre of Yorktown, when and where I was adjutant-general to the chosen troops of the northern army.

"At the commencement of the revolution, Colonel Burr, then about eighteen years of age, at the first sound of the trump of war (as if bred in the camp of the great Frederic, whose maxim was "to hold his army in readiness to break a lance with, or throw a dart against, any assailant"), quit his professional studies, and rushed to the camp of General Washington, at Cambridge, as a volunteer; from which he went with Colonel Arnold on his daring enterprise against Quebec, through the wiles of Canada (which vied with Hannibal's march over the Alps), during which toilsome and hazardous march he attracted the attention and admiration of his commander so much, that he (Arnold) sent him alone to meet and hurry down General Montgomery's army from Montreal to his assistance; and recommended him to that general, who appointed him an aid-de-camp, in which capacity he acted during the winter, till the fatal assault on Quebec, in which that gallant general, his aid McPherson, and Captain Cheeseman, commanding the forlorn hope, fell. He afterwards continued as aid to Arnold, the survivor in command.

"Here I must begin to draw some of the outlines of his genius and valour, which, like those of the British immortal, Wolf, who, at the age of twenty-four, and only major of the 20th regiment, serving on the continent, gave such specimens of genius and talents as to evince his being destined for command.

"At the perilous moment of Montgomery's death, when dismay and consternation universally prevailed, and the column halted, he animated the troops, and made many efforts to lead them on; and stimulated them to enter the lower town; and might have succeeded, but for the positive orders of Colonel Donald Campbell, the commanding officer, for the troops to retreat. Had his plan been carried into effect, it might have saved Arnold's division from capture, which had, after our retreat, to contend with all the British force instead of a part. On this occasion I commanded the first company in the first New York regiment, at the head of Montgomery's column, so that I speak from ocular demonstration.

"The next campaign, 1776, Colonel Burr was appointed aid-de-camp to Major-general Putnam, second in command under General Washington at New York; and from my knowledge of that general's qualities and the colonel's, I am very certain that the latter directed all the movements and operations of the former.

"In January, 1777, the continental establishment for the war commenced. Then Colonel Burr was appointed by General Washington a lieutenant-colonel in Malcolm's regiment, in which he continued to serve until April, 1789, when the ill state of his health obliged him to retire from active service, to the regret of General M'Dougall, commanding the department, and that of the commander-in-chief, who offered to give him a furlough for any length of time, and to get permission from the British general in New York for him to go to Bermuda for his health. This item will show his value in the estimation of Generals Washington and M'Dougall.

"During the campaign of 1777, Malcolm's regiment was with the main army, and commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Burr. For discipline, order,

and system, it was not surpassed by any in the service; and could his (the lieutenant-colonel's) and Wolfe's orderly-books be produced, they would be very similar in point of military policy and instructions, and fit models for all regiments.

"This regiment was also huttet at the Valley Forge in 1777 and winter of 1778, under General Washington, and composed part of his army at the battle of Monmouth on the 28th of June, 1778, and continued with it till the close of the campaign of that year, at which time it was placed in garrison at West Point by General Gates; but, upon General M'Dougall's assuming the command of the posts in the highlands in December, Malcolm's, Spencer's, and Patten's regiments were together ordered to Haverstraw. The three colonels were permitted to go home for the winter on furlough, and Lieutenant-colonel Burr had the command of the whole brigade, at a very important advanced post.

"At this period General M'Dougall ordered a detachment of about three hundred troops, under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Littlefield, of the Massachusetts line, to guard the lines in Westchester county, then extending from Tarrytown to White Plains, and from thence to Mamaroneck or Sawpits, which last extension was guarded by Connecticut troops from Major-general Putnam's division.

"In this situation of affairs a very singular occurrence presented, viz. that neither Lieutenant-colonel Littlefield, nor any other of his grade, in the two entire brigades of Massachusetts troops composing the garrison of West Point, from which the lines were to be relieved, was competent, in the general's estimation, to give security to the army above and the lines of those below; and, in consequence, he was compelled to call Colonel Burr from his station at Haverstraw to the more important command of the lines in Westchester, in which measure, unprecedented as it was, the officers acquiesced without a murmur, from a conviction of its expediency. At this time I was doing the duty of adjutant-general to General M'Dougall.

"It was on this new and interesting theatre of war that the confidence and affections of the officers and soldiers (who now became permanent on the lines, instead of being relieved every two or three weeks as before), as well as of the inhabitants, all before unknown to Colonel Burr, were inspired with confidence by a system of consummate skill, astonishing vigilance, and extreme activity, which, in like manner, made such an impression on the enemy, that after an unsuccessful attack on one of his advanced posts, he never made any other attack on our lines during the winter.

"His humanity, and constant regard to the security of the property and persons of the inhabitants from injury and insult, were not less conspicuous than his military skill, &c. No man was insulted or disturbed. The health of the troops was perfect. Not a desertion during the whole period of his command, nor a man made prisoner, although the colonel was constantly making prisoners.

"A country, which for three years before had been a scene of robbery, cruelty, and murder, became at once the abode of security and peace. Though his powers were despotic, they were exercised only for the peace, the security, and the protection of the surrounding country and its inhabitants.

"In the winter of 1779, the latter part of it, Major Hull, an excellent officer, then in the Massachusetts line, was sent down as second to Colonel Burr, who, after having become familiarized to his system, succeeded him for a short time in command, about the last of April, at which time Colonel Burr's health would not permit him to continue in command; but the major was soon compelled to fall back many miles, so as to be within supporting distance of the army at the highlands.

"The severity of the service, and the ardent and increasing activity with which he had devoted himself to his country's cause, for more than four years, having materially impaired his health, he was compelled to leave the post and retire from active service. It was two years before he regained his health.

"Major Hull has ever since borne uniformly the most honourable testimony of the exalted talents of his commander, by declaring his gratitude for being placed under an officer whose system of duty was different from that of all other commanders under whom he had served.

"Having thus exhibited the colonel's line of march, and his operations in service, I must now present him in contrast with his equals in rank, and his superiors in command.

"In September, 1777, the enemy came out on both sides of the Hudson simultaneously, in considerable force, say from 2 to 3000 men. On the east side (at Peekskill) was a major-general of our army, with an effective force of about 2000 men. The enemy advanced, and our general retired without engaging them. Our barracks and storehouses, and the whole village of Peekskill, were sacked and burnt, and the country pillaged.

"On the west side, at the mouth of the Clove, near Suffren's, was Colonel Burr, commanding Malcolm's regiment, about three hundred and fifty men. On the first alarm he marched to find the enemy, and on the same night attacked and took their picket-guard, rallied the country, and made such show of war, that the enemy retreated the next morning, leaving behind him the cattle, horses, and sheep he had plundered.

"The year following, Lieutenant-colonel Thompson was sent to command on the same lines in Westchester by General Heath, and he was surprised at nine or ten o'clock in the day, and made prisoner, with a great part of his detachment.

"Again, in the succeeding winter, Colonel Greene, of the Rhode Island line, with his own and another Rhode Island regiment, who was a very distinguished officer, and had with these two regiments, in the year 1777, defeated the Hessian grenadiers under Count Donop, at Red Banks, on the Delaware, who was mortally wounded and taken prisoner, commanded on the lines in Westchester; there receded to Pine's bridge, and in this position Colonel Greene's troops were also surprised after breakfast and dispersed, the colonel himself and Major Flagg killed, and many soldiers made prisoners, besides killed and wounded.

"On the west side of the Hudson, in the year 1780, General Wayne, the hero of Stony Point, with a large command and field artillery, made an attack on a block-house nearly opposite to Dobbs's ferry, defended by cow-boys, and was repulsed with loss; whereas Colonel Burr burnt and des-

troyed one of a similar kind, in the winter of 1779, near Delancey's mills, with a very few men, and without any loss on his part, besides capturing the garrison.

"Here, my good friend commodore, I must drop the curtain till I see you in Albany, which will be on the first week in February, where I can and will convince you that he is the only man in America (that is, the United States) who is fit to be a lieutenant-general; and let you and I, and all the American people, look out for Mr. Madison's lieutenant-general in contrast.

"I am, your friend,

RICHARD PLATT."

THE FRAGMENT OF MACANA,

THE OUTCAST.

"Dare I accuse
My earthly lot as guilty of my spleen,
Or call my destiny niggard? O no! no!
It is her largeness and her overflow,
Which being incomplete disquieteth me so." *Coleridge.*

I.

It is providence not destiny, say you!—write it in your books ye philosophers,—proclaim it from your pulpits, ye apostles of the truth,—wed it, ye poets, to your divinest strains of harmony,—then go ye all into your secret places, and ask the difference of your own hearts. Ye will be wiser, if ye dare to be, when you have had an answer; and, perhaps, much happier, if your neighbour opposite will let ye. Alas! how many of our principles and opinions come from the club which our neighbour carries. Every knot in it hath a divine lesson;—what pity it is, that in over rebelliousness of heart, we should make it needful for our brother to strike so hard.

But I, who have neither brother nor neighbour, wherefore should I fear to speak?—why should I pause to proclaim the destiny which hath hunted me, like an outlawed beast, to the uttermost ends of the earth, and yet, will not destroy? It were a blessed providence if it would destroy,—it is a cruel destiny as it pauses in the stroke of mercy, when the victim, hurled down, lies at its feet, and implores the withheld but everthreatening blow. I have prayed for that blow in my destitution, and the grim pursuer smiled as I prayed, and paused in the pursuit. Breath was allowed me that I might recover; and when I began my flight from

his presence, the dogging demon was again treading at my heels. I would repeat the story of my wanderings awhile,—it is a part of my destiny that I should do so. There is a solitary palm tree in the desert before me; beneath its shadow will I rest. I have rested under its shadows always. And now, let me look backward upon the path over which I came. How glaring, brassy red, are the sands behind me. I will not look upon the path before me; I feel that it must be redder still. Bitter as the past may be, I feel that it must be yet far sweeter than the future. And now, for its record. Let me trace out these characters ere it be too late. I must leave my memorials. It is the necessity, and I may not avoid it. I have no resource—no alternative. The appeal to memory yields me much of the consolation which is denied by thought. She is a kind minister,—kind, even when her intelligence is so full of sorrow as that which she brings me now. I could not forego these recollections, though they only tell me of woes and sufferings. My soul is full of them and is satisfied. I am one who has survived his kindred; but that were nothing, if he had not also survived his hopes. Every look upon the past becomes a portion of the future life,—the life to come; of which, it is the boast of our humanities, that even this destiny, which has defeated me always heretofore, can never hereafter deprive me. I live with them in memory. I renew old acquaintances and ties; and sometimes the glimmerings of a former, though fleeting pleasure, almost persuade me into a sweet forgetfulness of my existence now.

Would that this last persuasion were enduring and not momentary. Would that it were real! How happy could I be to give up the dreary hours between this and sun-set. The passage through the shade,—through the cold and icy coated cavern, were a sweet transition. My heart has long been familiar with the shadow and the cloud. I can feel nothing of the chill; as the high tree which has been once riven by the red bolt of the storm, has no dread of a second shaft. My cup of experience is full. If to have computed life by events and not by years; to have noted its hours by coals of fire,—to have crowded time with strifes and sorrows, so that the usual experience of seventy years has been accorded to me in ten,—if this be to have lived my allotted time, I have long since been ready for the shadowy reaper. And yet, I cannot die. I expose myself to death in vain. I seem to have taken a new bond from fate, and every added stroke of misery appears only to have increased my securities against the final and relieving one. My frame is more vigorous than ever,—my hair though prematurely grey, is thick and tenacious of its hold,—my flesh is firm,—my nerves are like iron. There is no impurity—none, save that which is in my heart. There, all is ashes, or what

is worse. These memorials contain the history of its disease. I have described closely all its features; and the symptoms, once known, it will not surprise, that, however lingering in its progress, there is hope that it may at length prove fatal.

II.

A shadow hung above my dwelling, and I stood within its walls alone. I was stricken by the curse, yet I felt a victim only in the hearts of others. For myself—I could not die; but in one hour I saw all perish, to whom my life and loves were linked. The father who had caressed,—the mother who had borne,—the brother who would have stood up beside me. They were struck down by one common doom;—death was around me in all his manifold forms of terror; but he touched me not. Yet what was their destiny to mine? Their strifes were ended with the blow, my blows only bring new strifes. The bitterness of desolation was not in their hearts as it was in mine. I was the survivor of the loved ones, standing in ashes upon my hearth stone. Yet was I not a mourner. I could not weep. I had no uttered anguish. I was dumb,—the tongue was at my heart,—I was too much stunned to weep.

What then was my resource from misery? I have not found it. I am still alone. I became a wanderer. Pursued by a hopeless discontent, I fled from region to region, and found no peace,—what was worse, I found no hope. I had pride—nay, I had ambition. A passionate desire for human love, and the sympathies of kindred, was gnawing at my heart, and clamoring to be satisfied. Yet these were the very blessings which were denied me. I took up arms for my country, and I led our people to victory. I won laurels and grew famous. Men named me with wonder and admiration. My praises became a theme for party,—my homage, the unsolicited office of the crowd. They gave me unbounded honors,—high stations,—they ranked me among the mighty of their land. But the laurel withered on my brow,—the applause palled upon mine ear,—the honor wearied me to maintain, and the high station grew irksome, and disgusted, when I felt, amidst all my triumphs, that I was still alone. Their homage and their honors gave me no delight. They met not my want,—they were not the things of my desire. I craved the sweet dependencies of love,—I demanded the confidings of an unselfish and devoted heart,—I asked, and asked vainly, for the one above and apart from all, who could love me for myself, however the populace might shout, heedless alike of its senseless hostility, and its not less senseless regard. I prayed for one, upon whose affections I might lean my own,—within whose heart I could treasure up the fierce fires which were hopelessly burning away in mine. I

found her not. Equally vain were my prayers and search, and I was still alone!

Yet did I labor without stint or limit in the search. In the palace,—in the cottage,—in the stately assembly,—by the evening fireside, I sought for the kindred spirit. The gay, the young, the beautiful clustered around me. A thousand ravishing eyes, a thousand exquisite pictures of innocent life, would have won me, if any thing could have won me from the misery of my own contemplations. Voices that were music, filled my ears; glances, that were light, dazzled my eyes; lips, that seemed to bloom and blossom like so many buds of heaven, reddened beneath the pressure of my own, and gave forth a perfume that savored more of heaven than of earth. I moved in an atmosphere of luxury,—I passed through worlds of attraction and delight,—I drank hourly of joys which seemed to madden, or at least intoxicate every understanding, and to warm every heart but mine. In my sad superiority I still remained free,—untouched, untrammelled by the pleasant bondage of that chain of flowers which encircled all around me, and which it was the happiness of all around me to be encircled by. The griefs which had isolated me at first, kept me desolate as they had made me. I scorned the joys which others followed with a blind worship and a dreaming phrenzy of delight. I broke through the chain, so powerful on the souls and limbs of others, as if it had been flax already smitten by the flame. I cast its flowery links beneath my feet, and still, I was alone!

Yet such was not my desire nor my thought. It gave me neither pride nor pleasure to be alone. The freedom which belongs to isolation was no enjoyment to me. On the contrary, I preferred the pleasant bondage, which it seems I was never suffered to find. I sought hourly for a master,—one who could free me from the wild caprices of that greatest tyrant, my own thought,—my own stricken and sullen mind. I aimed to become the slave—the bond, bowed slave of any passion sufficiently strong to subdue the impulses, which brought me nothing,—which forever left me desolate; but in the very strength of my despair, I could not be overcome. I would have given worlds to have fallen down in worship, even as I beheld hundreds falling, hourly, around me. I saw the strong made captive by the weak, and I prayed that my knees might grow weak, and that I might fall into a sweet captivity like theirs. How lovely in my eyes, even while my destiny baffled the desires of my soul for a like condition, appeared that sweetest of all earth's histories, the love of twin hearts, travelling forward, with a blind haste, to the same mutual toils; falling together into the same snares, and losing sight of the restraints upon their feet, in the intoxicating enchantments of that captivating delusion to which they had given themselves up. Vainly did I

strive, fondly did I offer up my prayers for a like captivity. How did I follow the footsteps, and with what keen eyes of jealousy, did I watch the progress, of other hearts, ignorantly and innocently moving forward to where the snares, hidden beneath the vines and flowers, lay waiting on every side, for their unheeding feet. How earnestly did I take the same course and labor for like bonds; but my destiny laughed at my endeavour; and my feet trampled and destroyed the tangles which would have detained them. Still was I doomed to denial,—still did I remain alone.

III.

“But are there not other lands!” I exclaimed to myself, as I wandered through paths beaten by my own solitary feet in the winding mazes of the forest: “Are there not other lands, over which shines the light of a more benignant planet? Are there not other nations and people more susceptible to feeling and to love, more indulgent to wants like mine, than I find them here? Are there not sheltering retreats where I may hide me and be forgot. There must be a shelter in the wild forests of the unknown lands, or some den where I may crouch and be concealed,—fastnesses for the wolf shall be also fastnesses for me. I will drive him from his den, or he shall make me a fellow in its possession. He shall share his abode with me. I am even ready to partake his nature, if I do not already partake it. His rough hide shall not offend me. I will embrace his shaggy limbs with the embrace of brotherhood, and find kindred in his den, which I have striven vainly to find among men,—in the dwelling of pride, and amid the cold haunts of selfish and calculating speculation. With the thought I became resolved. I turned my feet from the region it had been their wont to travel. I brushed the accustomed dust from my sandals; and in little time a new world received me. I was a self-banished wanderer to the solitary shores of Boriquin.

IV.

I had gained the solitude, and the silence, but not the peace which I had sought for. The images of men no longer haunted me. I was free from the sound of voices, which, coming from human lips, seemed yet to my unhappy ears to be anything but human. Their base strifes, and sordid and selfish struggles, were no longer in my sight, yet I was not more free,—not more quiet in spirit than before; and the conviction forced itself upon me, that the evil was in myself. Either the rest of men were deficient in sensibilities or they were better endowed with strength than I. Had I not striven to be happy—nay, I had made no such extravagant demand;—to be at rest merely,—to be free from the carking

cares,—the eating and the pernicious strifes which had persecuted me, was all that I implored. They were happy,—at least, they made no complaints of sorrows such as mine. My destiny was peculiar. It sprang not, as I had hitherto thought, from my connection with my species, for here I was alone. The eternal forests were around me in the sleep of their birth hour. The waters rolled forward at my feet, smoothly, calmly, as if man had never stooped with his polluted lips to drink from, and to defile their purity. “How clear and transparent are these waters!” I exclaimed aloud, “they are deep, and they flow on with a never failing speed to a world of waters, deeper and darker if not so quiet as their own. They promise me repose. They will bear me on from sleep to sleep, and whatever may be their strifes, in their bosom I shall have none.” Thus musing, my determination was formed. I descended from the little eminence on which I stood to the banks of the river. There was a delicious coolness in its aspect that persuaded me to hasten my steps. The quiet of the woods around me favored the meditated sacrifice. “The voiceless nature smiles upon it,” I said musingly and low, “and in the solemn and brooding quiet of her gaze, I behold an earnest of the sweet peace which she tells me is at hand. Farewell, thou earth whose hot defiling breath has parched my lips unto fever,—thou sun, in whose sickly and flaming countenance, I have beheld no aspects but those of pain!—to man, I have already given my farewell, and if I had not, it is enough that I have spoken it to you. Farewell all forms and influences of pain and torture,—welcome ye transparent waters, on which quiet lies, brooding and blessing, with upturned and benignant glance. Beautiful and indulgent vision, I come—I come!”

With these words, I rushed forward and bounded from the banks. The cool waters,—cool and sweet in that first embrace, as I had fancied them before, received me but would not engulf me. I thrust my burning head beneath the surface, but in vain did I strive to sink. The buoyant billows rejected me. No adamant could have been more impenetrable,—no wall more impassable than the waters of that clear pellucid stream, to whose yellow sands my far darting glance had already gone. Resolved on the sacrifice, I toiled for its execution; but I toiled in vain. I could not down—I could not die. I floated on the charmed and elastic wave, as buoyantly as the light zephyr that quivered above, and scarcely stirred its surface. While I yet struggled, I heard a voice calling from the banks opposite those which I had left. It was the voice of childhood,—of girlhood,—and the accents were those of pleading and of terror. I looked beyond the wave in the direction whence the cries proceeded, but saw nothing. They were renewed, and with increased earnestness. Then I heard a horrible chuckling,—a sort of exulting laugh, just sufficiently

human to make me wonder at the utterly demoniac character which prevailed throughout the tones. The cries of the child became shrieks, loud and quick. Then, I heard a rustling through the wood; and looking steadily toward the spot, to which I was attracted, and which I was all the while unconsciously approaching, I saw a beautiful girl, not more than ten years old, suddenly bound from the wood and hurry to the banks of the river. As she beheld me, she threw up her arms and screamed aloud, in broken accents, and with voice nearly exhausted, for that succour for which—such was the danger which she seemed to fear,—she was not even willing to wait. She continued her flight to the edge of the stream, as if to seek for that protection from her enemy, which I had so vainly sought to find in its prevailing depths from mine. My voice checked her progress. I cried aloud to her in tones of encouragement, and hurried to her relief. Before I reached her, I saw the cause of her terror. A gigantic and savage creature emerged from the wood behind her, and came forward in fiendish pursuit. The monster was nearly eight feet in height. A form just enough human to make me shudder at the likeness, presented itself to my eye. The lower limbs were shaggy with hair of a reddish color, which grew in spots upon them; his arms were long enough to reach his knees, which he seemed to grasp at moments while he ran. From his fingers depended long talons instead of nails. His head was large, and of a squarish form, his eyes nearly meeting and placed almost upon its top. His mouth was broad, and appeared rather a fissure formed by a convulsion than the thing it was. The chuckling sort of laugh which I had before heard, seemed to flow from him without effort as he continued his pursuit, which was now directly for the little girl who implored me from the bank. I reached them before he drew nigh. When he beheld me rise from the water, he shrunk back for an instant, and stood still. When he saw me advance, he retreated until he reached a grove of pine saplings which grew on the very edge of the forest, from which he had emerged. When there, he seized one of the saplings with both his hands, and twisted it from its base with the ease of one to whom the whole forest was subject; and, as if satisfied that this exhibition of his strength would sufficiently tend to the discouragement of my pursuit, he stood where he had performed the feat, and shook the tree in triumph over his head. But he was mistaken in the effect of this upon me. Though wondering at the powers of the monster, I was by no means terrified. What had I to fear? Had I not, but a moment before, prayed and sought for death. I did not fear it now, though, in the excitement of the moment, I sought for conquest over my foe, rather than the boon for which I had travelled so far, and toiled after so hopelessly. The danger of the lovely

child who stood trembling and crying behind me, was another motive for my desire to triumph over the savage, whose gloating eyes were fixed upon her still, and who threatened her at the same moment with myself. On my success depended her fate in part; and, doubtful of my own, I bade her fly, while I advanced to give battle to the foe. But either she did not understand, or she had no longer the power to obey me. There was no time left for idle exhortation, and, seeing me pause, increased the courage of the savage who now began to approach me. I had no weapon but a small dagger which I carried in my bosom, and which I had kept without consciousness, while discarding, before my meditated suicide, all other weapons. I thought of it now, and drew it from my bosom, contriving, however, while I did so, to keep it concealed behind my arm. I saw that my enemy was not only unwieldy himself, but that he used an unwieldy instrument in strife. I felt that I must perish if I could not avoid his blow; but, agile myself, by the habits and the education of my youth, I considered it no difficult matter to do so. I determined to anticipate his attack, the more so, as I perceived that he still hesitated to assault me, though possessed of so much more power, and so much better armed than myself. I rushed upon him. He waved his club thrice around his head as he saw me coming. I saw it descending with tremendous force. My eye was fixed upon his, in waiting for the precise moment. The sapling was about to turn from the equilibrium which its evolutions had acquired, and was now almost upright above his shoulder. At that moment I leaped aside, and it sunk heavily unto the earth. Before he could again lift it, I was upon him. Twice, thrice, I smote him with the keen instrument as I rushed by him, and at each stroke he sent up a howl, in which rage was overcome by agony. Still he did not fall, though staggering. Yet it seemed to me that every stroke should have been mortal, and doubtlessly they were. But he had still strength enough to be dangerous, and, though losing blood fast, he contrived to raise his club, and stimulated by fury and the anguish of his wound, he again came down upon me. Once more I invited and evaded his stroke, which, when he had given it, left him once more at my mercy. Again I drew my keen weapon across his ribs, and the black blood spouted out into my face. I saw that the blow was fatal, but I repeated it. He dropped his club, and suddenly turning before I could get out of his reach, he had seized me with both of his hands. He drew me up to him with the ease of one who lifts an infant. My strength to his was that of a rush against the headlong wind. My struggles were in vain. He grappled me to his breast, buckled his little yet steely arms around my body, and howling aloud in a voice of mixed agony and triumph, he threatened me momentarily with death. The poor child

beheld my danger, and her screams furnished strange responses to those of the savage. I could scarcely call to her, to fly and leave me to my fate. My breath was going fast. She did not heed me, and continued to moan and scream. I made new efforts, but with as little success. The monster drew me closer with every effort, and thrust his narrow chin, covered with coarse red hair, in mockery upon my face. But even while he did this, I was conscious of a gradual relaxation of his hold. His features suddenly grew convulsed. His mouth opened, and its springs became fixed wide apart. A dreadful spasm went through him, which shook me from his grasp to the earth, while it released me. Before I could rise, he had fallen. He had fallen; and rolling over and over upon the earth, he expired with a howl, like that of an expiring demon. When I gazed again upon his body, it was lifeless; and turning away from the disgusting spectacle, I looked round for the little maiden, whom I had rescued at such great peril to myself. I looked round for her, but she was no where to be seen. While I gazed and wondered, I heard the sound of other voices approaching me; and soon the little girl reappeared, leading an aged man who was evidently her father. They were followed by a tall and lovely youth who carried a bow in his hand, to which a shaft was already fitted; and from his shoulder, suspended by a leash, there hung a quiver full of arrows. I went forward to meet them, and the little girl, leaving the old man, rushed with a bounding delight into my arms, and threw hers around my neck.

MEDICAL SKETCH OF THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

NUMBER THREE.

WE proceed now to redeem the promise, given in a preceding number of the Journal, to investigate the causes assignable for the increased insalubrity of our surrounding country. The task, we are fully aware, is arduous; especially, when we take into consideration how limited is our knowledge, with respect to malaria, the ultimate connexion of which with the subject before us, renders it necessary, that we should take a brief review of the facts in relation to it.

The nature, production, and deadly effects of this aeriform poison, claimed the attention of many of the ancient writers; but the results of their investigations were few and vague. Lancisi, an Italian physician, in his treatise "*De Noxiis paludum efflu-*

viis," has treated the subject more at large, and called the attention of the world to the great importance of the subject, and the necessity of investigating it more closely, in order to check its progress in the destruction of human life.—And well may he have bestowed much attention on that subject; for when we consider how large a proportion of mankind is destroyed by the deleterious effects of malaria, we shall not be surprised to find it a subject engrossing much interest and importance. It is said on good authority, that if we take the average of human life in any place not subject to the influence of malaria at fifty years, and compare it with others, which from their locality are subject to miasmatic effluvia, we shall find a vast difference. For instance, in Holland the average of life is twenty-five years, and in some places in France not more than twenty. How a melancholy fact,—the lives of a whole community cut off ere they have enjoyed more than one third of the time allotted to man to sojourn in this world, and this dreadful havoc, by the destroying arm of a single agent, malaria! Some of the fairest portions of the earth, where nature appears to have been otherwise most bountiful in her gifts, are the graves of thousands of victims to malaria. Italy for instance, the classic land of the Poet and the Statesman, with its beautiful scenery, is thus truly described as the lurking place of this most deadly poison:—"The banks of its refreshing streams, its rich and flowing meadows, the borders of its glassy lakes, the luxuriant plains of its over flowing agriculture, the vales where its aromatic shrubs regale the eye and perfume the air; these are the chosen seats of this plague, the throne of malaria. Death walks hand in hand with the sources of life sparing none. The labourer reaps his harvest, but to die,—or he wanders amidst the luxuriance of vegetation and wealth, the ghost of man, a sufferer from the cradle to his impending grave, aged even in childhood, and laying down in misery that life which was but one disease. He is even driven from some of the richest portions of this fertile yet happy country, and the traveller contemplates, at a distance, but deserts of vegetable wealth which man dare not approach, or he dies." These sentiments can be aptly applied to many portions of our own State, which although not so rich in scenery, are equally fatal to our white population. Need I cite our rich plantations teeming with the fruits of summer and autumn, and presenting to the admirer of nature so much to gaze on with delight; yes, these situations too "are the chosen seats of this plague," where the poison is so concentrative in its action as to set the seal of death upon its victims. Let me select Georgetown and Savannah, with their luxuriant rice fields, the produce of which adds so much to the wealth of the South, as the rivals of the fens of Lincoln, the jungles of India, or the Pontine Marshes. An individual living in the vicinity of these

marshes, was asked by a traveller, how is it possible you can live in such a sickly spot as this? "We do not live," was the melancholy reply, "we die." Having seen then what a fruitful and fatal source of disease the production of malaria is, does it not appear to every reflecting mind, that it constitutes a subject worthy of our serious attention, to endeavour to stay its ravages if possible? We are fully aware that much has been written on this subject, and that many ingenious theories have been invented, all or most of which have been embodied in medical works, but which would not be so apt to meet the eye of those interested in the subject, as might be done when brought to their notice in the present familiar and condensed manner. This subject claims the attention especially of the Southern planter, more perhaps, than any class of individuals, who from his avocation is necessarily more exposed to miasmatic influence. It is to be regretted that so many of our valuable citizens yearly fall victims to it through their own imprudence. There are many among our country friends to whom the following sentence is strictly applicable. "It is a characteristic moral feature of those who reside in unhealthy situations in France, and a fact noticed by every one who has examined their districts, to deny strenuously the existence of danger and to maintain, that neither the soil which they inhabit, nor the air in which they die rather than live, nor their modes of life or labour, are unwholesome." As there are many facts in relation to the production and propagation of malaria, which may be interesting to some of my readers, I will notice a few of them.

In regard to the peculiar nature of this poisonous air we know nothing, for science has made little or no progress in detecting its constituents. Chemists have collected the air or gas from localities the most fatal in producing fever, and have toiled arduously to analyze and exhibit its properties. Sir H. Davy collected a quantity of this gas arising from stagnant pools during the sickly season, and enclosed it in an air-tight chamber, which he entered, and the contents of which he breathed for some time without injury. But unfortunately for mankind, all of these laudable efforts have failed, and we are as ignorant of the nature of malaria as we ever were. Some persons have strenuously contended that it is a vapour, others that it is animalcular in its nature; but I am afraid it all amounts to little more than supposition. Notwithstanding our ignorance of the nature of malaria, we have many important facts which assist us greatly in establishing our knowledge of its production and propagation. It is conceded by all who have paid any attention to the subject that four agents are necessary for the production of malaria, namely, vegetable or animal matter, a moderate quantity of water or even moisture, atmospheric air, and a high degree of temperature. It is also essentially necessary,

that all of these agents should exist together without one exception. For instance, low and wet situations abounding in decayed vegetable and animal matter emit no noxious vapour in winter; high and dry situations, devoid of vegetable and animal matter, under a scorching sun, are equally exempt from any deleterious atmosphere. The part which each agent performs in producing miasm, is connected with many interesting facts which we think it may be useful to notice briefly.

First, it is evidently not necessary that vegetable and animal matter should exist together for the production of malaria, from the fact of its having been formed entirely through the agency of the former. For instance, in the process of preparing hemp and flax, it is necessary to macerate the materials in pools, which circumstance never failed to produce fevers of an intermittent and remittent character. So also as regards the manufacture of Indigo in the East and West Indies, after the coloring matter has been extracted, the refuse is used for manure; and for the purpose of decomposing it, large heaps are formed and exposed to the rain and the heat of the sun. We are informed by travellers in these countries, that the effect of this process was, that individuals residing near these heaps, especially to the leeward side, invariably sickened and died of fever during the summer and autumnal months. It was sometime before the cause was detected, but it is now so well established, that the Indigo planters will not allow these heaps to be made; and this has had the salutary effect of preserving the health of the labourers. It is also well known that the fatal fever which raged in Philadelphia in 1792, was attributed to the discharge of a cargo of damaged coffee, which was allowed to remain on the wharf for some days exposed to the heat of the sun. It is believed by many persons, that the decomposition of animal matter alone, has not the power of producing fever, and this is attributed to the phosporous sulphur and ammonia which enters into the composition of animal matter. Bancroft asserts, that however putrid animal matter may be, the effluvia arising from it does not create fever of any kind, not even when mixed with vegetable matter, and cites as a proof, that vapours may arise from large dung-hills, without sensibly affecting the health of individuals who reside near them, or who are enveloped for hours together in their fume whilst working in them. But notwithstanding this assertion, I am inclined to think, that the admixture of decaying vegetable and animal matter in many situations in our own State, has increased the production and virulence of malaria. For instance, a piece of reclaimed land by high tide is overflowed, and when the water recedes, a number of small fish are left which putrify with the vegetable matter,—or a rice field bank is broken, and the same thing happens; in addition to this, the insects which inhabit fresh

water are also destroyed, which circumstance has always increased the prevalence of fever. It is also well known, that the decomposition of animal matter alone is not productive of fever; for persons engaged in slaughter houses, glue, soap and candle factories, are not peculiarly sickly, but on the contrary are generally fat and in fine condition; nor are the inhabitants residing in the vicinity of such factories affected by the effluvia arising from them. It is a singular fact, that some localities, where vegetable matter abounds with the other necessary agents for the production of malaria, are peculiarly exempt from fever; as for example, individuals residing near the Peat bogs of Ireland and Scotland, it is said, continue healthy during the entire summer. Writers in accounting for this exemption, attribute it to these bogs possessing the power of preserving substances from putrefaction; this antiseptic power is thought to be owing to the tannin, a vegetable principle which they contain. Not only plants, but even human bodies with their clothing when entirely covered with peat, it is said, have resisted putrefaction for many years. This circumstance is denied by McCulloch; and how far it is true, we are not capable of ascertaining. There is no doubt that the fatal fevers which have so often prevailed on board of vessels, are to be attributed to the bilge water, which in many instances contains portions of decomposed vegetable matter. It has, however, been suspected, that the putrefaction of the wood of the water casks is capable of doing all the mischief, and the ballast has been found containing vegetable matter enough amongst it to produce fever. A striking instance of the kind, is given by McCulloch in his work on Malaria, which occurred on board the Powerful 174 frigate, the crew of which was entirely disabled during a passage from the East Indies. Upon investigation the ballast was found to contain a mass of putrid mud, which was no doubt the cause of the sickness; and this points out to those concerned in shipping how necessary cleanliness is. But we must leave this part of our subject and proceed to the next agents—water or moisture, in relation to which there have been many disputes concerning the quantity necessary for the production of malaria. It was thought by some, that stagnant water mixed with vegetable matter was alone capable of producing malaria; but it is now clearly proved, that some of the most fatal cases of fever have occurred near localities where no water is visible on the surface. This circumstance I think has not been sufficiently noticed, for many persons are apt to regulate their fear of danger by the presence of water. In a description of the soil, weather and diseases of South Carolina, written in 1763, the writer when speaking of the fevers of this climate, remarks that heat and moisture are the prominent causes, and notices the increased source of humidity to be attributed to the under ground water, which is always

near the surface where the soil is light, and the action of the sun upon it causes a vapour to rise where no water is visible. The same circumstance is noticed by Sir John Pringle in his work on the diseases of the army. When speaking of the causes of fever, he says: "A less obvious source of humidity is from the water under ground, which in that country (Netherlands) lies so near the surface, that a perfectly dry ditch is seldom seen; and as the soil is light the moisture easily transpires, and in summer loads the air with vapour even where no water is visible. This is the condition of most of Dutch Brabant, where the people are more or less subject to fever in proportion to the distance of the water from the surface; so that by looking into their wells one may judge of the comparative healthfulness of the different villages. That moisture alone will not produce fever, has been clearly proved by most of the writers on the diseases of hot climates. Dr. John Hunter in his work on the diseases of the army in Jamaica, remarks, "that, simple moisture is harmless, at least as far as relates to the production of fevers, of which the two last mentioned places (Fort Augusta and Port Royal) may be given as examples, for they are nearly surrounded by water on all sides. "It is true," continues he, "that the air is perfectly clear, yet it must be loaded with moisture, in consequence of the great heat of the sun acting upon the water." From these remarks we may conclude that it is essentially necessary for the production of malaria, that moisture should contain some deleterious particles in solution, which readily takes place from its connexion with vegetable substances. I have said before that much water is not necessary for the generation of malaria; and not only this, but a superfluity of this element will even prevent the formation of this poison. This circumstance can be easily accounted for. Where much water exists the vegetable matter is often entirely covered, and the air is consequently excluded, which is essentially necessary in the process of decomposition. It is true, that one of the constituents of air abounds in water, but the quantity is not sufficient to produce the effect; and again, decomposition takes place much more readily when the particles of the mass are in juxtaposition; but this is prevented by the presence of much water. The practical application of these facts in many instances may be useful to us, for they will serve to show when and where the formation of malaria is most active. It is the experience of most persons who have investigated the subject, that fevers do not occur until some time after the water by rains has subsided in a great measure. For example, much rain during the months of April and May is certain to make the country sickly in July and August; for in consequence of the subsidence of water, a large extent of wet land is exposed to the heat of the sun, and thereby subjected to constant evaporation.

Dr. Clark in his observations on the diseases of hot climate, when treating of bilious fever, remarks: "When there was much rain in the months of May and June, and dry sultry weather prevailed in the following months of July and August, this fever raged much among the inhabitants." This fact is exemplified in the flowing of Rice fields; when the water is on the plant, sickness is not by any means so prevalent or fatal as when the water is let off. The consequence of this, is that the fields are covered with a kind of mucilagenous substance, with a hot sun acting upon it, which exhales a very unpleasant odor. This state of things is well known to be a fruitful cause of disease; many individuals visiting their plantations but for a day, from exposure to this effluvia, have contracted fever which but too often proves fatal. The causes of the disease contracted under these circumstances, appear to be an enigma; "it can't be country fever, say the majority, for such an individual did not sleep on his plantation." But he died for all that, and the reason is, that he was exposed to a concentrated form of malaria sufficient to have killed a thousand men. I cannot pass over a fact related by Sir John Pringle, which is strictly illustrative of what I have said. "The country around Breda," says this writer, "had been inundated for military purposes, but early in the summer of 1748, the preliminaries of peace having been signed, the water was let off, and the ground which had been covered by it, was by this operation made bare and exposed to the rays of the sun, so that a dangerous epidemic fever of the remittent kind soon raged at Breda and the neighbouring villages. The States of Holland being made sensible of this fact, gave orders to let the water in again, and keep it up until winter, which produced the desired effect of putting a stop to the disease." We could cite many like instances, but our limits will not allow.

We have one other agent to notice, of which it will only be necessary to say a few words. It may not be known to every one, that decomposition cannot take place without a certain degree of heat. When the thermometer indicates a degree between 90 and 100 this process is very rapid; any degree above the latter point has a tendency to check putrefaction. We are not at a loss then to account for the reason why hot climates are peculiarly liable to fevers of a fatal type.

We have now considered the different agents necessary for the production of malaria. These we could not avoid noticing at some length, as they serve as axioms to solve our problem. The laws which govern the propagation of Malaria, being highly interesting and important, will be the next subject of inquiry.

BIOGRAPHIANA.

NUMBER TWO.

[Collected for the Southern Literary Journal.]

PAINTERS.

TINTORET—thought himself in early life ill treated by Titian; yet, to shew how well he could suffer the painter to prevail over the man, he inscribed on the walls of his painting-room, "The design of Michael Angelo, and the colouring of Titian," that he might continually be reminded of what his art contained most excellent in the two principal parts of it.

Tintoret was indeed called the Venetian Michael Angelo, a distinction which he well merited, from the fertility of imagination and the grandeur of design which he sometimes possessed. It was objected to him, that he was extremely unequal in his work. "Sometimes," said Annibal Caracchi, "he rises beyond Titian, sometimes he sinks below himself."

The Flemish painters at Venice were one day shewing him some heads painted by them. He asked "How long they had been about them?" They said, "They had been a fortnight." Tintoret, then taking a pencil dipped in black, drew a figure of which the white canvas was the ground, and exclaimed, "See now, how we Venetians work!"

ANNIBAL CARACCHI.—This great artist was a true philosopher. He disdained luxury, and great companies, which are always pernicious to an artist by making him lose that time which he should give to his profession. He blamed the conduct of his brother Augustino, who dressed with great magnificence, and who was fond of the company of the princes and cardinals of his time. He one day saw him walking with a man of high rank, and coming up to him said in a loud tone of voice, "Remember, brother, you were only the son of a tailor."

Cardinal Farnese, with a degree of sordidness which must ever blast his memory in the eyes of the intelligent and the humane, gave Annibal about one hundred and fifty pounds sterling for his great work of the Farnese Gallery. This infamous treatment so affected the artist, that he became melancholy and could work no more. His pallet and his pencil dropped from his hands whenever

he attempted to paint, and he died soon afterwards, requesting to be buried in the Pantheon of Rome, next to his favourite master and his model the divine Raphael. It appears that his attention to his interest had not so great a share in the mortification he received from the avarice of the Cardinal, as the neglect he supposed of that merit which, like many other great men, he was but too conscious he had acquired; for having once been appointed to paint some pictures for one of the churches at Rome, he desired that his pupil Albano might be employed, and that he might receive all the profit arising from them.

Annibal, like many other artists of the Bologna school, was no less excellent in landscape than in history painting. One of the grandest landscapes that the art has ever produced was in the possession of the late John Pitt, Esq. of Arlington street.

LOUIS CARACCHI—cousin of Annibal, disgusted with the treatment he received from his master, who told him that he would never make a painter, soon quitted him, and took refuge with Tintoret, who told him nearly the same thing. He, however, persisted, and became one of the best painters of his time. In the opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he is the best master for historical colouring amongst the painters.

DOMINICHINO—when a young man, shewed none of those marks of vivacity which at that age are but too often mistaken for talents. His brethren of the academy used on this account to call him "The Ox." Annibal Caracchi, who saw his merit, used to tell them, "I can assure you, this ox will plough his furrow so well, that one day or other he will well fertilize the field of painting."

Annibal Caracchi, coming one day by stealth into his apartment, found him painting with his face all red as if on fire, in an attitude of *fierté* and of menace, with his eyes flaming with anger. He was then at work upon his celebrated picture of the crucifixion of St. Andrew, and was painting one of the executioners.

Soon after this picture, which he was painting in competition with Guido, was carried to its place of destination, and placed by the side of that which Guido had painted, an old woman with her young son came to see it: "Do but observe," said she, pointing to the picture of Dominichino, "with what force of rage the executioners are lifting up their arms to flagellate St. Andrew! See with what fury one of them threatens him! See how with a degree of brutal force, another strains himself to bind tighter his feet with cords! Then observe the firmness of mind with which the

venerable old Saint appears to suffer his tortures, and how the constancy of his faith manifests itself in his eyes, with which he looks up to 'Heaven.' The old woman then burst into tears, and went away without looking at the picture of Guido.

The Communion of St. Jerome by Dominichino is now the most esteemed of all his works. He was anxious in his life-time that it should be put into Mosaic, an honour destined only to those pictures which are held in the highest esteem. The picture was exposed for that purpose, but for some reason or another it did not please the connoisseurs of that time. Nicolas Poussin, who happened to be at Rome at the time, went with other persons to see it, and was so pleased with it that he desired to copy it. As he was about his work, Dominichino came into the room unobserved by Poussin, to see what effect it would have upon him. He begins to talk with him, and makes some excellent observations on the art. Poussin, astonished, looks more particularly at him, and observes that he is weeping. Dominichino then tells him his name. Poussin throws aside his pencil and runs to embrace him; and, not contented with this homage paid to his talents, employs all his credit to give some reputation to this exquisite picture, and procures for it the honour of being copied in Mosaic.

One of the friends of this great painter recommending him not to paint his pictures so highly, and not to take so much pains, was thus answered by him: "You do not know, my good friend, how much I wish to satisfy one person who is extremely nice and difficult to please; that person is myself."

The multiplied vexations which this great painter experienced from the intrigues of those persons who envied him, seem in some degree to have rendered his sensibility to them morbid; for in the latter part of his life he would taste no food, not even in his own house, and in the bosom of his family.

GUIDO.—This artist was so handsome, that Louis Caracchi made use of him as his model when he had to paint an angel.

Guido's ideas of beauty were taken from one of the daughters in the celebrated ancient statue of Niobe. He was one day applied to by a painter to know how he acquired his ideas of beauty. A day was fixed, and the painter came to see him, and found him sitting with his colour-grinder, one of the ugliest men that was ever seen, and painting the most exquisitely beautiful female head: "See," said he, "when a painter has his imagination properly stored with ideas of beauty, he has no occasion for any other model than that which you now see."

EDITOR'S PORT FOLIO.

THE LATE CONFLAGRATION.—This calamity which has occurred in our city, has been so generally described in the different papers throughout the country, as to require no repetition of it, on our part. Disastrous, however, as the destruction has been, it has satisfied us of what we have always believed of our people, that they have the energy within them, to rise above any difficulty. With a proud and becoming spirit, our citizens may be already seen, forgetting their losses, and setting about repairing them, with a spirit creditable to the enterprise of any commercial community. We know, that many are of opinion that Charleston has received a shock from which it will take at least a half century to relieve her; but we are not among the number who thus despond. Despite of the laggardness of which we have been so often accused, there is in our people a resiliency of spirit, which has proved itself "good and true" in every trial. On more occasion than one does the history of Charleston prove this. In proportion to its size and age, no other city in the Union, perhaps none other in the world, has suffered from as many extensive and desolating fires,—yet our citizens have been invariably found to rise with energy from under such difficulties, and our city steadily to progress in elegance and wealth.

We have been led to these encouraging conclusions, while running over the history of the various great fires which have occurred in our city since its foundation. Supposing that the public might feel some interest in comparing the destruction occasioned by the late conflagration, with those of former times, we have somewhat hurriedly thrown together the following notes.

In 1740 occurred the first *great* fire in our city. In the subjoined description of it, there will be found a striking similarity to the late conflagration; and from the history which the extract gives of the proceedings of the British Parliament upon the occasion, we trust that our Legislature, now about to be convened, will derive an useful hint:

"This year stands distinguished in the annals of Carolina, not only for an unsuccessful expedition against the Spaniards, but also for a desolating fire, which in November following broke out in the capital, and laid the half of it in ruins. This fire began about two o'clock in the afternoon, and burnt with unquenchable violence until eight at night. The houses being built of wood, and the wind blowing hard at north-west, the flames spread with astonishing rapidity. From Broad-street, where the fire kindled, to Granville's Bastion, almost every house was at one time in flames, and exhibited an awful and striking scene. The vast quantities of deerskins, rum, pitch, tar, turpentine, and powder, in the different stores, served to increase the horror, and the more speedily to spread the desolation. Amidst the cries and shrieks of women and children, and the bursting forth of flames, in

different quarters, occasioned by the violent wind, which carried the burning shingles to a great distance, the men were put in great confusion, and so anxious were they about the safety of their families, that they could not be prevailed upon to unite their efforts for extinguishing the fire. The sailors from the men of war, and ships in the harbor, were the most active and adventurous hands engaged in the service. But such was the violence of the flames, that it baffled all the art and power of man, and burnt until the calmness of the evening closed the dreadful scene. Three hundred of the best and most convenient buildings in the town were consumed, which, together with the loss of goods, and provincial commodities, amounted to a prodigious sum. Happily, few lives were lost, but the lamentations of ruined families were heard in every quarter. In short, from a flourishing condition, the town was reduced, in the space of six hours, to the lowest and most deplorable state. All those inhabitants whose houses escaped the flames, went round and kindly invited their unfortunate neighbors to them, so that two and three families were lodged in places built only for the accommodation of one. After the legislature met, to take the miserable state of the people under consideration, they agreed to make application to the British Parliament for relief. The British Parliament voted twenty thousand pounds sterling, to be distributed among the sufferers at Charleston, which relief was equally seasonable and useful on the one side, as it was generous and noble on the other. No time should obliterate the impressions of such benevolent actions. This gift certainly deserved to be wrote on the table of every heart, in the most indelible characters. For all men must acknowledge, that it merited the warmest returns of gratitude, not only from the unfortunate objects of such bounty, but from the whole province."

"The number of houses burnt," says the Carolina Gazette of 1740, "are computed to be above 300, besides store houses, stables, &c. and several wharfs, and had it not been high water, all or most of the shipping would have been burnt. The damage only in merchandise, is computed to be above the value of £200,000 sterling;"—a loss, which, considering the size of Charleston at the time, together with the harassing difficulties with the Spaniards, must have been more severely felt than that of the recent conflagration.

On the 15th Jan. 1778, occurred a great fire in our city, which consumed one half of Charleston. Unfortunately the papers which describe it have been lost, and we are not able to present an exact account of its extent. By an aged inhabitant of this city, who was present at this fire, we are informed, that such was the coldness of the night when it occurred, that the icicles hung from the clothes and hats of those who attended it. The scene of distress is described to have been without parallel.

On the 15th June, 1796, another great fire occurred in Charleston. It is thus described by the City Gazette of that date:

"Again has our city been visited with the dreadful calamity of fire. On Monday last, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, a room in Lodge alley was discovered to be on fire, which in a few minutes communicated to the neighbouring buildings. The citizens soon assembled; but their exertions could

not stop the devouring flames till three o'clock on Tuesday morning; nor until a very considerable part of the city was destroyed. The fire consumed every house in Queen street, from the Bay to the corner of Church street; two-thirds of Union street continued; two-thirds of Union street; Church street, from Broad street to St. Phillips church, with only two exceptions; Chalmer's and Berresford's alley; Kinlock's court, and the North side of Broad street, from the State house to Mr. Jack's, four doors below Church street, and five houses on the Bay, from the corner of Queen street, were burnt to the ground.

"The public buildings destroyed, were the French church and the beef market. St. Phillip's church was several times on fire, and must ultimately have been destroyed but for the exertions of a spirited black man, who ascended to the cupola, next to the vane, and tore off the shingles. On the following morning upwards of 500 chimneys were found standing.

"The distressed situation to which upwards of 200 families are reduced by this disaster, is easier to be conceived than described; or how numbers of them will obtain places to shelter themselves from the vicissitudes of the seasons, is hard to say."

In a report, which was shortly afterwards made by a committee appointed by the citizens to examine into the distress occasioned, we find the following language:—"Scarcely had we recovered from the confusion and distress arising from the fire which laid waste the upper part of the city,—scarcely had we enjoyed the melancholy pleasure of distributing \$10,000 amongst the sons and daughters of affliction, than we are again assailed by a heavier calamity. A fire more rapid, extensive, devouring and irresistible, than any we have experienced for nearly twenty years, sweeps off a great part of the city, destroying houses, furniture and goods, to an immense amount, and reducing many industrious families to famine and to ruin."

It is estimated in the same report that 300 houses were reduced to ashes, and upwards of 400 families thrown destitute upon the world.

On the 10th October, 1810, occurred another fire of considerable magnitude. The houses consumed were as follows:—Church street continued 9; Amen street 20; Mott street west side 18; Moot street east side 14; Queen street north side 14; Queen street south side 15; Union street both sides 40; East Bay 13; Unity alley 5; Chambers alley 15; Lodge alley 7; Broad street 7;—Total 177.

From the time the fire commenced until it was extinguished was ten hours. During almost the whole of this time, though every exertion in the power of the citizens was employed to arrest its ravages, no one could say where it would end;—fortunately, owing to the width of Broad street, these exertions were successful there; had it crossed that street, the probability is, it would have taken a wide range and only stopped at South Bay, when nothing more could be found for it to act upon.

In recurring to the history of these fires, it will be found that the cause of their extension was from the city being principally built up of wood. So convinced of this fact were our citizens, after the fire of 1810, that they petitioned the Legislature to interdict thereafter the erection of all wooden buildings in the city. What was done upon the subject, we have not had

time to learn from the records of the day. Since the late fire, we perceive that our city authorities have passed an ordinance, prohibiting any other than brick buildings to be put up in the city. Such a measure redounds to their credit, and we trust, that they will have firmness enough to suffer no light objections to turn them from their purpose. If some of our citizens will be inconvenienced by the measure, let them recollect that no reformation, however complete, has ever been wrought, without giving dissatisfaction somewhere. If the council would make our city secure in its wealth; if they would make it a resort, where the sojourner may not only enjoy the hospitality of its citizens, but likewise please his eye and gratify his comfort, let them stand out manfully in support of their late measure.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. PART SIXTH. BY J. G. LOCKHART. To be had at Mr. Berrett's and Mr. Beile's.

This volume presents the character of Sir Walter in its noblest aspects. If in his youth and manhood it may with truth be urged against him, that with the Scottish failing, he bowed rather low to wealth and power, yet in the decline of his years and in the bankruptcy of his fortunes, we see shining out from amidst the venerable ruins a lightning-like spirit of heroic independence. Calamity only made him more sternly self-reliant,—only deepened his self-respect,—only brought him nearer to the mass of his kind. Our hearts bleed in sympathy as we read the story of his tragic reverses; but pity is lost in admiration, as we contemplate the sublime fortitude, with which sudden and overwhelming ruin is met and borne. He even denies himself the luxury of grief,—the accustomed solace of complaint. Deprived in his age of the companion of his cares; precipitated from the height of prosperity, we find him cheerful at the base of the mountain he had been so long ascending. There we find him toiling for others, to redeem the debts of his friends, with all the wonderful perseverance and devotion which had signalized the vigour of his greener days. He only contracts the circle of his acquaintance, the more zealously to devote himself to his solitary labours. And he takes no credit to himself for the endurance of his complicated sufferings. He affects no stoical independence of pain; he calls not on the world to admire his philosophy. Manly, unaffected, simple, he walks among his fellows without parade. If at any time in the course of his happy years, any weakness may have caused us to admire the author more than the man, his noble old age redeems all, and leaves us without a sentiment ungratified,—the man—brilliant as the author had been, astonishing as had been his powers and intense our wonder,—the man towering up in a still more majestic and imposing greatness.

ORATION, DELIVERED BEFORE THE WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY BY THE RIGHT REV. JOHN ENGLAND, D. D., ON THE 22ND FEB. 1838.

We approve highly of the practice of devoting a portion of the birthday of the Father of his country to a ceremony like this. The study of his

character and the commemoration of his virtues is not only a fitting tribute to his memory, but incites his young countrymen to an humble imitation of his high example, and instructs them in the great events of their country's history.

This address is peculiarly appropriate to the occasion, and in all respects worthy of its distinguished author. The style is vigorous and often eloquent, and we find in every page the marks of a liberal, enlarged and discriminating mind. The orator traces clearly but rapidly the early career of Washington, and gives us, as he goes along, an insight into the discipline and influences which contributed to form his character. The history of the developement of a great character is at all times an interesting and useful study; and surely none can be more worthy of our careful and constant attention than that of him, who is beyond all other men entitled to the appellation of THE GREAT AND THE GOOD.

We were desirous of making an extract from the biographical portion of this Discourse, but find that we cannot do so, consistently with our limits, without impairing the connexion of the text. We shall quote, however, a part of the Bishop's address to the gallant and flourishing corps, whose organ he was on this occasion:

"Gentlemen of the Washington Light Infantry! you may be justly proud of the name under which you are enrolled. But let it be to you also a solemn admonition to fulfil your obligations. Our volunteer companies are not formed for the mere purposes of idle show, of vain parade, nor for empty pageantry. The natural and safest bulwark of our country's freedom is a well organized militia; the chivalry of that militia should be found in the volunteer companies. Your's bears the most glorious name for an American citizen soldier. You should emulate the bravest, the best disciplined, the most patriotic of those marshalled in your country's service. You should endeavor, with the noble rivalry of a soldier's honor, but with a soldier's affection, to permit no other company to outstrip you in the accomplishments of the armed citizen. For your country and its freedom; for your country and its institutions; for your own sunny South, and for the whole Union; for its peace and for its rights; for your morals, for your discipline; and, in that discipline the first and the last point, obedience to your officers! Never has your company exhibited any deficiency in this respect, and therefore it has always been efficient and respectable. You glory in the name of American, but you receive as Americans every one whom the laws of your country recognize as such. You have not deserted your posts, because the fellow-countrymen of him who led your armies to the walls of Quebec placed themselves by your side, to make common cause with you for that land, which their acceptance of your conditions made your common country. France, Germany, Ireland and Scotland muster by your side, and with them you form a band of brothers; uniting, as your Washington has done, your whole force for an irresistible protection. Do not those flags wave over men who love to gather round your stars, to be guided by your eagle? When you volunteered to protect our brethren in Florida, were not the Germans your companions? Did not the Irish penetrate into its swamps? But why do I thus address you! Our generous South

has fully imbibed the spirit of our hero; and we know not these mischievous distinctions. A man loves not less the home of his choice, because he recollects the spot where he first breathed. The soldier's contest of emulation is then noble, for it is equally free from the meanness of jealousy as it is from the folly of miserable and mischievous distinctions. Nor did I need the proof which you have given, by affording me this day's opportunity of addressing you, to be convinced that the Washington Light Infantry possesses largely that liberal sentiment which pervades all our companies, and most of our citizens."

* * * * *

"To you has been confided, by the honored widow of a brave officer, one of the most precious relics of the revolutionary war. There is the banner that was borne in the gallant charge at Cowpens, on the 17th of January, 1781, when the surge of confusion was arrested, and the tide of war was turned, by William Washington at the head of his dragoons. It then seemed a fiery meteor to the astonished Tarleton, when for the first time the spell of his success was broken, and he saw his veterans lay down their arms at the summons of the intrepid Howard. The glory with which that day was radiant began to dissipate the gloom under which Carolina sat dejected; animated with hope, she roused herself to new exertion, and her Sumters and her Marions were again more active, more bold, and more successful. Again, upon the field of Eutaw, it floated in triumph to the joyous notes of the trumpet which proclaimed the retreat of the enemy from the last struggle by which they sought to keep Carolina in thralldom. "Never has it been disgraced in my husband's possession," was the short speech of Mrs. Washington, when she gave it to your company. The commander of the host that bore it through peril and in victory, preserved it as a loved memorial at the termination of the war. General William Washington, at his death, left it in the possession of his widow; and in the decline of her days, that venerable matron knew of no more valiant and honorable hands to which she could confide its preservation, than those of the Washington Light Infantry. Ten years have elapsed since it was presented to you through the hands of that Lieutenant Cross who held one of the first commissions in your company with Captain Lowndes at the period of its formation, but who had command of the brigade on the day that he attended with Mrs. Washington to present it to your guardianship. When you are marshalled under that banner, with the love of your country in your hearts, and her arms in your hands, you will be faithful to the confidence reposed in you:—your cry will be "Cowpens," "Eutaw," and "Washington;" your path will be the track of honor and of glory; your history will be found upon the record of fame."

FOSTER'S REPUBLICATIONS.—We have received from Mr. Berrett, the agent for these periodicals, the last numbers of Blackwood, the Metropolitan, and Bentley's Miscellany. The two first are stored, as usual, with elegant criticism and graceful narrative; while the very genius of mirthfulness and fun seems to have taken the last under his especial patronage.

ERRATUM.—At p. 364 l. 3, for present read *presents*.

SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL,

AND

MAGAZINE OF ARTS.

B. R. CARROLL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

ASSISTED BY SEVERAL LITERARY GENTLEMEN.

IT HAS been determined to resume the publication of the SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL, from a conviction very generally felt and expressed, that the South stands at this time in peculiar need of such a periodical. The project for reviving the Southern Review seems to have been relinquished; and while the Northern and Middle States have perhaps twenty magazines, we can count but two besides our own, in the whole range of country South of the Potomac. Such a contrast is disadvantageous and disparaging to our Literary character; and is certainly not warranted by the comparative taste, talent and wealth of the two sections of the Union. Why should the South distrust herself when the genius of her sons is finding encouragement, and achieving triumphs abroad; and why should she suffer her own literary enterprises to languish and fail for want of timely aid, at the very time she is bestowing a liberal, and in many cases, a well deserved patronage on those of other parts of the country? It is full time that she should learn to be just and true to herself, as well as generous to others.

Besides, our peculiar policy renders it highly desirable, if not necessary, that we should possess an organ to which we may entrust the interpretation and defence of our domestic institutions, and upon which we may be able at all times to rely, as identified with us in feeling, principle and interest. If the people of the South would begin to think, write, print and publish for themselves, they would not only furnish opportunity for the developement of our native mind and material, but provide themselves ampler security against the propagation of writings and doctrines destructive of their dearest interests.

It is with a view, therefore, to encourage a *home policy*, to raise the standard of our literary character, and to call out the intellectual resources of our region, that this periodical has been revived.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL AND MAGAZINE OF ARTS is a monthly periodical devoted chiefly to miscellaneous literature.

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THE postage of this Magazine, containing four sheets, is 6 cents; over 100 miles 16 cents.